

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,003



THE

# GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE



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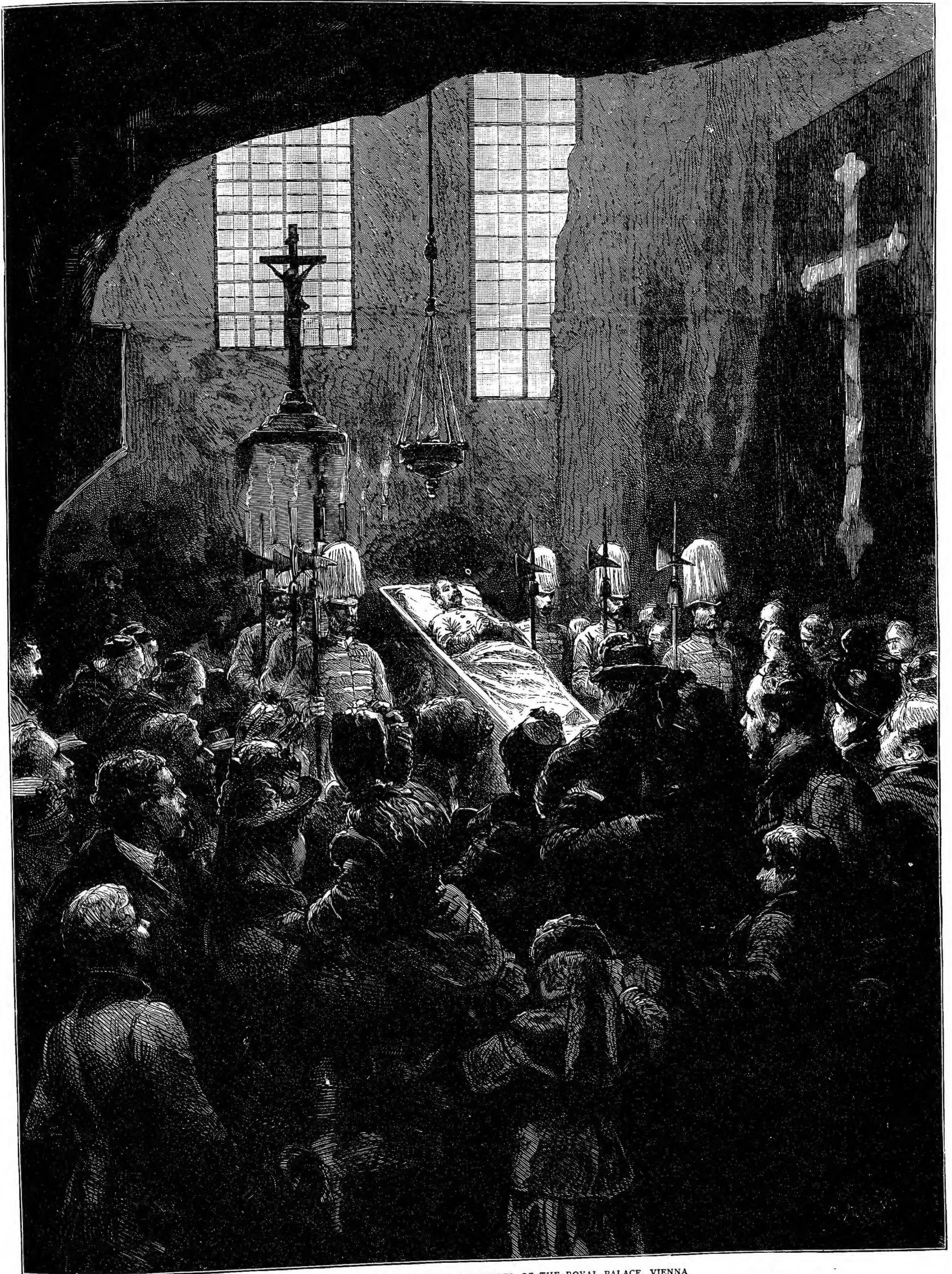
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ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1889

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE  
[By Post Ninepence Halfpenny]



THE LYING-IN-STATE IN THE COURT CHAPEL OF THE ROYAL PALACE, VIENNA  
THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE CROWN PRINCE OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY



## Topics of the Week

**THE LAMBETH TRIAL.**—If the object of the Church Association, in proceeding against the Bishop of Lincoln, was to call attention prominently to the matters in which they are so vehemently interested, they have certainly succeeded in their purpose. The proceedings of the Court at Lambeth on Tuesday have, as was to be anticipated, been much talked about; and the trial, as it proceeds, is likely to be one of the chief topics of discussion among all who concern themselves about the welfare of the Church of England. Whether the Church Association have acted wisely in the course they have pursued is a very different question. It is possible that the practices complained of are against the letter of the law; but, even if that is proved, it will by no means show that this trial ought to have taken place. The Church of England, as a Reformed Church, has always been to some extent based on compromise. It could not be otherwise, since, as a national institution, it necessarily includes members who hold different opinions, both as to dogma and as to ceremony. To try to compel all its adherents to conform, even in matters of detail, to one rule is simply to say that it shall lose its national character, and be degraded to the level of an ordinary sect. The method of the Church Association is not at all logical. If they want rigid uniformity, they should proceed against Evangelicals as well as against High Churchmen; for, if the latter go in some respects beyond the letter of the law, the former certainly in some respects fall short of it. Should the present trial end in the condemnation of the Bishop, its inevitable consequence will be a considerable strengthening of the movement for Disestablishment, for it is incredible that High Churchmen will submit to any permanent limitation of the freedom they believe to be essential to the proper discharge of spiritual functions. To the majority of laymen it seems strange that the clergy should attribute so much importance to these questions, which have only a slight relation to the vital principles of religion. We must, however, accept facts as they are, and in this case the facts appear to indicate that events are approaching which will mark an era in the Church's history.

**LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.**—The second statutory meeting of the London County Council was held, by the courtesy of the Lord Mayor and Corporation, in the Council Chamber of the Guildhall. The venerable traditions of the locality do not appear to have exercised any wholesome awe on the assembled members, who behaved very much as a typical Vestry is supposed to behave. There was a good deal of recriminating talk, and one member alleged that another member had applied to him the epithet traitor. At length, however, after no small waste of time, the business for which the Council met was accomplished; and a Chairman, Vice-Chairman, and Deputy Chairman were duly elected. For the first-named post Lord Rosebery was chosen by an overwhelming majority, in spite of the complimentary objections urged by some of his opponents that his lordship was too great a statesman and too brilliant an orator to be selected for such a prosaic workaday position. There is, however, good reason to believe that Lord Rosebery will falsify these anticipations. He is a man of excellent sense, and his opening speech showed that he perfectly understood the nature of the duties imposed on him by his appointment. Our chief fear is that Parliamentary and other claims on his time may prevent him from presiding as frequently as he would wish. In any case he will possess an excellent substitute in Sir John Lubbock. For the Deputy-Chairmanship, which will be a salaried office, the struggle was more severe, and some may regret that neither Mr. Fardell nor Mr. Eccleston Gibb, both men of experience, were selected. Still, Mr. Firth, the selected candidate, has for years taken an intense interest in all questions of municipal management, and now he will have an opportunity of putting his theories into practice. We are glad that the proposal to meet at a later hour than 3 P.M. was negatived. If the Council were to meet in the evenings, with an applauding or howling mob in the galleries, it might gradually lose all sense of the practical objects for which it was chosen, and become, like the Jacobin Club in Paris a hundred years ago, a political machine capable of far-reaching mischief.

**VOLUNTEER REQUIREMENTS.**—It is to be hoped that the Volunteers will not be too elated by the golden promise held out to them by Lord Wolseley when addressing the Artists' Corps. The Adjutant-General, carried away, perhaps, by Sir Frederick Leighton's eloquent discourse and the winged words of Colonel Edis, so far divulged State secrets as to state that the Volunteers, as well as the Regulars and Militia, are to be supplied with the new magazine rifle. An excellent arm it is, no doubt, and we should be glad to see it in the hands of our citizen-soldiers. But we would suggest to the War Office that there are other deficiencies which need to be attended to previously. The Martini may not be an ideal weapon, but, after all, it is a pretty good piece, and requires only to be held straight to do effective execution at reasonably long ranges. No doubt, the new arm will be vastly superior in that respect as well as in

rapidity of fire. Still, the fact remains that until what Sir Frederick Leighton calls "the supplementary army" is supplied with campaign requisites, it will be of small moment whether it carries the one "shooting-iron" or the other. Lord Wolseley dwelt with great emphasis on the immense importance of accurate marksmanship, declaring that it was the most essential thing of all. Not quite, we think; still more essential are those necessities, such as great coats, transport, and commissariat, without which troops have no mobility. Instead, therefore, of buying new and very costly rifles for the Volunteers, it might be wiser, perhaps, to lay out the money on their field equipment. Fully supplied with that, they would make a far more formidable body, even if they still carried the despised Martini, than if they were armed with ideal rifles, but could not keep the field for more than a day or two at a time.

**HOME RULE AND AMERICAN STATE RIGHTS.**—In one of his excellent speeches at Glasgow Mr. Chamberlain had a good deal to say about the idea of Home Rule as compared with the methods of government in the United States. Mr. Gladstone's followers continually refer to American experience as proof that Home Rule is not incompatible with the maintenance, in the best sense, of national life. They forget, as Mr. Chamberlain pointed out, that Mr. Gladstone's scheme would not have placed Ireland in the same relation to the Imperial Parliament as that which each of the American States holds to Congress. Had his plan been adopted, Ireland would have had no direct connection with Imperial affairs; it would have been a tributary country, bearing the burden of taxation without the corresponding right of representation. If Mr. Gladstone, in forming his proposals, had thought more about American precedents than he actually did, his measure would probably have had a far better chance of success. Mr. Chamberlain seems to hold that we have not much to learn from America in this matter. When, however, the time comes for the settlement of the question by means of some compromise, we may be glad to take various hints from our Transatlantic kinsfolk. In the mean time, there is one lesson which they undoubtedly teach us, and this was urged by Mr. Chamberlain with his usual force and lucidity. The Americans take good care not to grant State rights until they feel sure that the concession will not be abused. They decline to make Utah a State, because they are of opinion that the result would be injurious to the common welfare; and they waited for years before restoring to the Southern States the privileges forfeited by the Rebellion. England cannot be justly blamed for adopting a similar course with regard to Ireland. Before granting any kind of Home Rule, she is morally bound to require that Irishmen, by showing proper respect for law, shall give proof of their fitness for the exercise of the powers they demand.

**A BISHOP ON DANCING.**—Those of us who are old enough to look back to the earlier years of this century will remember that in those days the sentiment prevailing among religious people concerning what were known as "worldly amusements" was far more strictly defined than it now is. Playing-cards, for example, no matter how harmless the particular game might be for which they were used, were broadly stigmatised as "Satan's books;" the theatre, without reference to the plays which were performed, was pronounced to be one of the Devil's most successful lures; and, in the sterner circles, dancing was altogether discountenanced. There were, it is true, even then, some liberal-minded persons of sincere religious belief who held less uncompromising views concerning these amusements; who permitted a steady rubber of whist, or a round family game of cards, provided there were no pecuniary stakes; and who winked at "square" dances, though conscientiously objecting to the valse. We offer no opinion here as to whether our worthy predecessors were right or wrong in their standard of morals; but it was certainly harder to make a religious profession in those days, inasmuch as it needed far more self-denial, than it is now. At the present time there are numbers of young ladies and gentlemen who are not merely regular church-goers, but who are zealous and active in the various good works which are carried on in their respective parishes, who teach diligently in Sunday Schools, who visit the sick and needy, and yet who dance both round and square dances, who play all kinds of card-games, without the slightest qualm of conscience, and who are well posted up in theatrical doings. The change, whether for good or ill, is marvellous, and it has gradually penetrated from the laity to the clergy. The other day, when the Bishop of Bedford was opening a gymnasium at a branch of the Young Women's Christian Association, he suggested that the hall should occasionally be used for dancing, and, when a mild remonstrance was offered to the proposal, he said he would gladly lead off the first dance. We can scarcely imagine such a suggestion coming from such a source in the year of grace 1839.

**THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.**—Should the eyes of M. de Lesseps chance to light on the report of a certain meeting which took place at Manchester last Monday, *le grand homme* will, we fear, become a prey to envy. Of course, the Manchester Ship Canal is not to be spoken of in the same breath with the magnificent Panama conception.

Still, it is a respectable little undertaking for an unambitious country like England, the total capital required being between nine and ten millions sterling, while no fewer than 11,000 workmen are now employed on the works. That, no doubt, is a mere squad compared to the army marshalled under the De Lesseps banner on the pestilential isthmus, but when finer weather comes on the number will be increased to 20,000, being not far below the biggest muster of those who worked and died to put the finishing touch to the great Frenchman's fame. It is, however, when other details are considered that Manchester's daring undertaking shows to most advantage. Not only are the minds of the Directors perfectly at ease about finance, but they express entire confidence that the huge ditch will be open for traffic a considerable time before the estimated date. Some savings have been effected, too, here and there; so that the whole amount of capital asked for will not probably be required. As regards the dividend-paying capacity of the Canal when it is finished, that must remain in the realm of guessdom until the future discloses its potentialities. The shareholders are justified in auguring well on that head from the thoroughly business-like manner in which the work of construction has been carried on.

**COUNT TOLSTOI'S SCHEMES.**—Russian politicians have been much occupied lately with schemes of so-called reform proposed by Count Tolstoi, the Minister of the Interior. Twenty five years ago the late Czar established Zemstvos, or provincial assemblies, corresponding roughly to our County Councils. These institutions have their faults, but they have been, on the whole, successful; and have the great merit of being remarkably popular. Count Tolstoi's object is that they shall, as far as possible, be deprived of real power. He proposes that a new class of rural chiefs shall be appointed; that they shall be selected from among the nobility by the Provincial Governors, to whom they would be responsible; and that their function shall be to control the affairs of the peasantry. Another of his projects is that the presidents of the local assemblies shall no longer be elected, but shall be nominated by the Government, and that they alone, after consultation with the Provincial Governors, shall have the right of determining subjects to be discussed. As yet only the first of these two sets of proposals has been considered by the Council of the Empire, but the second will be brought forward in due course. An overwhelming majority of the Council was opposed to Count Tolstoi's ideas, but, unfortunately, he has the sympathy of the Czar, and there can be little doubt that all his "reforms" will ultimately be adopted. In the interest both of the Czar and of the Russian people this result is greatly to be regretted. Excessive centralisation is the root of most of the difficulties with which Russia has to contend in the management of her domestic affairs. She can hope to become materially prosperous only by the development of an independent and vigorous spirit in the various localities of the Empire. Any progress that may have been made in this direction will be stopped by Count Tolstoi's reactionary policy. The Czar will have to bear a heavier burden of responsibility than ever; the real needs of the agricultural population will be only imperfectly understood; and there will be all sorts of new openings for jobbery and corruption.

**SNOW.**—In this fitful climate of ours, where a heavy snowfall is a rarity, and where it always comes as a surprise, townfolk are wont to grumble lustily when the fleecy invader envelopes their dwellings and thoroughfares in its white blanket. But they should remember that the towns, important as they are to us, are in the eyes of Dame Nature mere accidental excrescences which do not enter into her calculations at all. According to her benevolent intentions, an abundant snowfall means a warm coat for vegetable life, and also an invaluable reservoir of moisture which gradually percolates into the earth beneath, and, combined with occasional frosts, performs the office of ploughing and harrowing on a gigantic scale. Another consolatory thought is that it is better to have the cold weather and snowfall now than a month or two later. Not only does it check premature vegetable growth; but it affords some promise that when Spring arrives it may be the "ethereal mildness" celebrated by the poet, and not the shivering "black-thorn winter" to which we are sometimes treated almost up to Midsummer Day. With regard to the recent snowfall, it was perhaps fortunate that it took place on Sunday, thus giving the Vestries some breathing-time to make their arrangements; and, though complaints of neglect are made, and no doubt justly, in some quarters, we are bound to say, both from our own observation and that of others, that the removal has been effected with more speed and system than on any former occasion. As regards the footways, it is perhaps better to make each householder responsible for the space in front of his own dwelling, it gives a job to thousands of poor hungry fellows, and the snow is more quickly cleared off than if it was done by local authorities. But the Vestries or the police should be armed with powers for dealing with the pavement in front of empty houses. The true remedy would be to levy rates and taxes on all houses, let or unlet.

**LADY-DOCTORS.**—Judging from what Lord Lansdowne says, India appears to be ready and willing to furnish employment for a small portion of that enormous glut of cultured



OUTSIDE BROKERS.—The inconsistency of the Legislature in making laws against betting and gambling which affect the poor, but which do not reach the rich, has often been pointed out in these columns. Nor are these laws allowed to fall into desuetude. On the contrary, they are more and more stringently enforced; and even the noble game of billiards stands some risk of prohibition when played in licensed houses of entertainment. The only substantial grounds on which this partial kind of legislation can be defended is, that the poor and ignorant require special protection in these matters. No doubt, there is considerable force in this line of argument, but, if so, ought it not to be carried further? Gambling of an extremely pernicious and ruinous character can be indulged in without touching a card or studying a race-list. Those things which, as the elder Mr. Weller observed, "are always going up and down in the City," the Stocks, afford an ample field for the energies of those who make haste to be rich, and the habit of dealing in these securities, not for investment, but for speculative purposes, has spread to persons of far more limited means than was formerly the case. This is chiefly due to the facilities offered for speculation by the outside brokers, and to the seductive advertisements which they display in numerous newspaper-columns. Everybody who knows anything of City matters is aware that the rash and ignorant persons who resort to these brokers far more often lose than win, and that loss often means ruin. Indeed the odds are far more against them than in horse-racing, even supposing that the transactions are honestly conducted. But as the risks of gambling are sometimes aggravated by the certainties of fraud, Parliament might surely, at the least, insist that all persons dealing in Stocks and Shares should be under either Government or Municipal control.

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**ROYAL HOUSE OF STUART.**—Exhibition of Portraits, Miniatures, and Personal Relics connected with the Royal House of Stuart. Under the Patronage of Her Majesty the Queen. Open daily from 10 till 7. Admission, 1s. Season Tickets, 5s.—New Gallery, Regent Street.

As no woman can ascend the Austrian throne unless a male heir fails, the Emperor's brother, the Archduke Charles Louis, became the next heir in succession upon the death of the Crown Prince Rudolf. The Archduke, however, for certain State reasons has renounced his right to the throne in favour of his eldest son the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. This step is regretted by many, as the Archduke Charles Louis and his consort, the Archduchess Maria Theresa, who is his third wife, are the most popular members of the Imperial family. The Archduke, who is three years younger than his brother, is a great philanthropist, and is the patron of every charitable institution in Vienna. The Duke has been married three times, first in 1836 to the Princess Margaret, the daughter of the late King John of Saxony, who died in 1858, and secondly to the Princess Maria Annunciata, daughter of Ferdinand II., King of the Two Sicilies, who died in 1871. The present Archduchess, whom he married in 1873, is the daughter of the late Prince Michael of Portugal, and is thirty-four years of age. She is exceedingly beautiful, for some years has been the leader of Vienna society and fashion, and, it is said, is not altogether pleased at her husband having renounced his right of succession. This renunciation took place two days after Prince Rudolf's death, but was absolutely private, as by the Constitution no official announcement of this nature can be made for ten months, as the Archduchess Stéphanie might give birth to a posthumous son. The renunciation will then have to be ratified by the Austrian and Hungarian Parliaments.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Adèle, 1 Graben, 19, Vienna.





THE ARCHDUKE-HEIR FRANCIS FERDINAND  
Eldest son of the Archduke Charles Louis, and present heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne



THE LATE ARCHDUKE RUDOLF, CROWN PRINCE OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY  
From a Photograph taken a week before his death



THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES LOUIS  
Brother to the Emperor. The Archduke has resigned his succession to the throne in favour of his eldest son



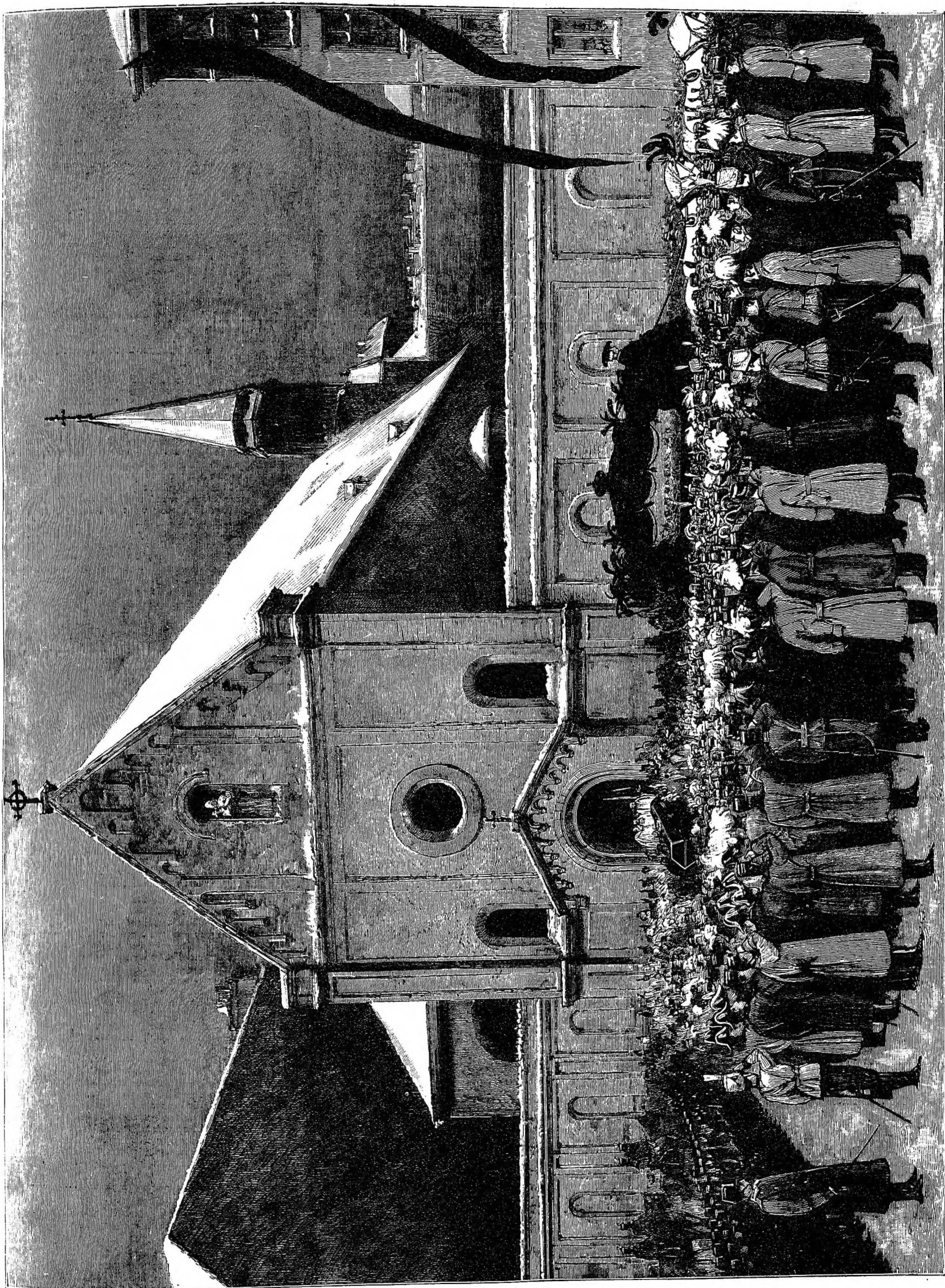
ARRIVAL OF THE ARCHDUKE'S BODY IN VIENNA FROM MEYERLING, AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION LEAVING THE BURG THOR, FEBRUARY 5

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE CROWN PRINCE OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY





ARRIVAL OF THE COFFIN AT THE CAPUCHIN CHURCH, VIENNA, FEBRUARY 5  
THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE CROWN PRINCE OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY



### THE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLF'S LAST PORTRAIT

THIS portrait is from a photograph by Angerer, 4, Theresien-umgasse, Vienna, whose studio the late Prince Rudolf visited a few days previous to his death. It represents the Prince with his beard shaved, which considerably altered his cast of face, making it appear smaller, and giving it a considerably sterner appearance.

### THE ARCHDUKE-HEIR FRANCIS FERDINAND

THE Archduke Francis Ferdinand is a son of the Archduke Charles Louis, by his second wife, and was born at Gratz in 1863. A few years ago he inherited the immense fortune of the Grand Duke of Modena, on condition that he should renounce his right to the Austrian throne, and that he should assume the name of Este. These conditions were duly accepted by the Archduke, with the reservation that should he ever become direct heir to the throne he should be at liberty to relinquish the fortune and name in favour of his brother Otho. This he has now done. The Archduke Francis, the *Times* correspondent tells us, is unmarried, and has never made any great figure in Austrian society. He is said to be good-natured, gentle, and indolent. Henceforth he will reside in Vienna with the title of Archduke-Heir, and will prepare himself for the Imperial duties which are presumptively in store for him.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Adèle, I Graben 19, Vienna.

### THE PARNELL COMMISSION

MAJOR LE CARON, otherwise Beach, is decidedly the most interesting witness who has hitherto appeared before the Commission, and the reproduction of much of his evidence by the Irish-American newspapers shows that it is considered to be important in revolutionary circles on the other side of the Atlantic. On Thursday, February 7th, the Major's examination-in-chief was concluded. Several noteworthy items were elicited. The United Brotherhood in America decided to provide for the family of one Lomasney, who, with another, was, it is said, killed in trying to blow up London Bridge. Patrick Egan and Brennan (the latter of whom was walking in the Strand with the present Lord Mayor of Dublin when he first learnt his danger) very narrowly escaped being arrested. If Gallagher had had forty-eight hours more in London, some of the best buildings would have been blown up. "Though French by name and descent, he has ever proved himself one of the most devoted friends of the Irish national cause." These were the generous terms (they aroused some laughter in Court) in which Patrick Egan introduced "my friend, the Major," formerly T. W. Beach, of Colchester, to his brother-Leaguers in the Southern States of America. It was not until 3.35 P.M. that Sir C. Russell's cross-examination began. The witness rapped out his answers with a sharp metallic twang. He was first questioned about his previous career. He had been a clerk and draper's assistant both in this country and in France. He



MR. OSCAR WILDE IN COURT

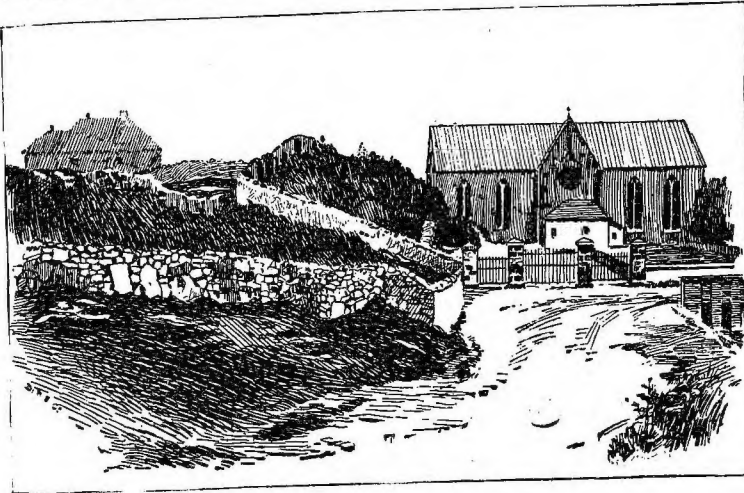
went to America in 1861, and at once joined the Federal Army, in which he served throughout the Civil War. In 1865 he became a member of the Fenian organisation, which, he frankly declared, he entered with the view of ascertaining its secrets and betraying them. He never had any sympathy with their cause, and regarded himself as a military spy, who was acting as he did for the good of his country. Since 1868 he had sent hundreds and even thousands of despatches to the British Government, but for the first three years of his espionage he had received no remuneration for his services. Some squabbling subsequently arose among the counsel engaged respecting these documents, from which, for the purposes of the trial, a selection had been made by the Major aided by Mr. Houston, Secretary to the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union. Sir Charles Russell demanded power to inspect all these documents. Sir H. James demurred to this, but undertook to look through the papers, to see if there were any others relevant to the issue. On Friday, February 8th, many questions were put to Major Le Caron for the purpose of establishing the fact that many respectable Americans (often of other than Irish origin) countenanced the meetings of the League and other similar organisations. For the proceedings of the Court during the present week the reader is referred to our "Legal" column.

### THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION

ONE of these sketches, which are by Captain Fairbrother, Bengal Staff Corps, shows the Palace of the Rajah of Sikkim at Guntok. It is a large stone double-storied building, with thatched roof of split bamboos. The building is unfinished, and has never been used as a residence by the Rajah. Since last September, when Guntok was first occupied by our troops, the Palace has been used as a barrack for a detachment of the 13th Bengal Infantry, and the building is now being re-roofed and put into a thorough state of repair, in case it is required as winter quarters for troops. It is situated in a most commanding position on the top of a steep hill, and is visible for miles round. The second sketch represents the present residence of the Rajah—a small thatched cottage situated quite close to the Palace, on a lower mound, and surrounded by stables and outhouses. The background in this sketch shows the far-famed mountain of Kinchin-junga, which is over 28,000 feet above sea-level. From Guntok, it far overtops all the other peaks. Both sketches show the well-known prayer-flags, which are never absent from monasteries and other buildings in Buddhist countries. The flags are long strips of coarse cloth, covered with the printed legend, or prayer, "Om mani padmi hum." Tumlong is generally considered the capital of Sikkim; but for some years past the Rajah has resided at Guntok (or Futchi), and this must now be considered the capital. The Palace contains some large rooms with massive wooden pillars, and the Durbar Hall especially could be made very imposing. At present, the whole building is more like a barn, or large grain-storehouse than a royal residence.

### FATHER M'FADDEN'S HOUSE

ON Sunday, February 3rd, Father M'Fadden, the now well-known parish priest of Gweedore, was arrested by District Inspector Martin and eight other constables at the door of Derrybeg Chapel after Mass, under the warrant of a Crimes Act Court. As Mr. Martin and Sergeant Dunning were escorting their prisoner up the pathway they were assailed with stones, and then with bludgeons. Five constables were knocked down and injured, and the life of one of them, Sergeant Carey, is despaired of. The result was that Inspector Martin was left practically alone to face a rush of fully a hundred Gweedore peasants. Presently, he received a terrible blow on the head from behind, and then he lay on the

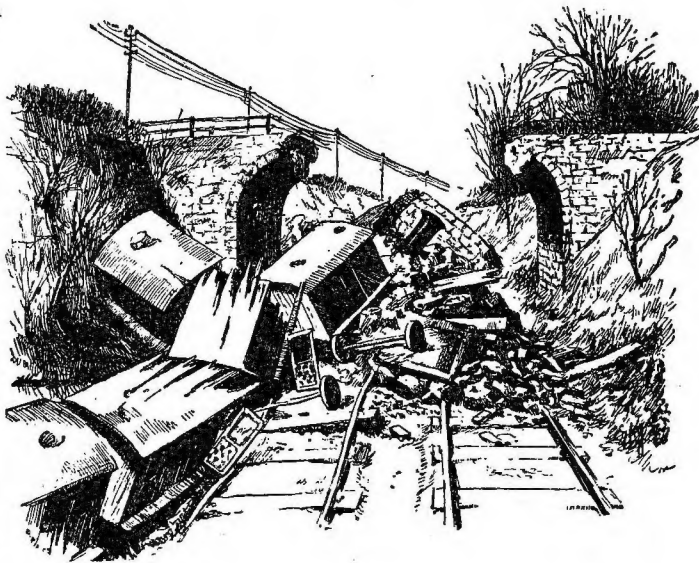


FATHER M'FADDEN'S CHAPEL AND HOUSE

ground, while a dozen men beat him to death. Meanwhile Miss M'Fadden pushed her brother into the parochial house, and he, mounting to an upper window, bade his parishioners disperse. They did so, but it was too late. Poor Martin had been massacred on his doorstep. He was thirty-one years of age, and much respected. No excuses can lessen the savage brutality of this deed. At the same time the authorities are blameworthy for effecting the arrest on a Sunday, and with such a small force, when they had fifty other constables four hundred yards away. Father M'Fadden was afterwards re-arrested, as well as several persons who are charged with being concerned in Martin's murder.

### THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN BELGIUM

ON Sunday week a terrible accident occurred near Groenendael, near Brussels, to the train which leaves Brussels at half-past nine in the morning for Namur. The train appears to have left the line, and to have dashed itself against the masonry of a bridge, which gave way, and fell on the carriages beneath. The engine, tender, luggage-van, and four first carriages were completely wrecked, and as there were three hundred passengers there was much loss of life. Twelve



dead or dying persons were taken from the train, while eighty were injured, some fifteen hopelessly—almost all the victims being hurt in the legs. As soon as the catastrophe was known all possible help was immediately afforded by the officials, and a number of doctors were despatched to the scene, those sufferers who were able to bear the journey being conveyed to Brussels, and those more seriously injured being taken to Hoeyleart, a village near the scene of the disaster.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Lort Mansel-Dakyns, 14, Avenue de la Toison d'Or, Brussels.

### BRITISH MEN-OF-WAR BOATS AT VANGA

As it had been reported that great numbers of slaves were being shipped from Vanga on the East Coast of Africa to the neighbouring island of Pemba, two boats of H.M.S. *Boadicea* were despatched in December to look out for the perpetrators of this nefarious traffic. Lieut. Mackenzie Fraser, who was accompanied by Mr. Charles Woolley, Assistant-Paymaster, commanded the cutter, and under his orders was a whaler, in charge of Mr. Consett, midshipman. Two days passed without incident, and it was determined to visit Vanga itself, which is situate a little to the northward of that portion of Zanzibar which is regarded by the Germans as coming under their sphere of influence. Accordingly on the morning of December 28th, the boats passed up the narrow inlet or creek at the head of which Vanga stands—having previously boarded a dhow outside the bar. No sooner did the boats appear within sight of Vanga than a deafening yell arose from the shore, and every bush on either bank started, as if by magic, into armed life. Natives, fully armed with spears and rifles, lined the shore, while on the sandy beach at the foot of the town were some twenty or thirty magnificently attired Arab sheiks, who seemed to take the command, and to be preparing a warm reception for the Britishers. The boats lay on their oars, and awaited the arrival of a canoe which, with four men, had put off to the town. The excitement on shore increased every moment, and the natives fired volleys into the air, and presented their rifles at the boats—their triumphant yells and the incessant beating of tom-toms making a most frightful din. The creek at the point where the

boats were lying was not more than fifty yards wide, and the crews presented a conspicuous and easy target for the natives, who themselves were covered by the mangrove bushes which grew to the water's edge. The canoe eventually drew alongside, and two of the crew were persuaded to come into the cutter, where they delivered a message to the effect that the natives wanted no communication with white men, and that any attempt to advance would be the signal for opening fire. It was explained that the boats were not, as was supposed, manned by Germans, but by Englishmen, who had come up the creek on a friendly visit to the Wali or Governor. As a proof of his sincerity Lieutenant Mackenzie Fraser sent a message to shore offering to land with only two of his men who were necessary to pull the boat, but who should be unarmed. Then stationing his

two visitors in a prominent place in the cutter, one in the bow, the other in the stern, so as to deter the natives from firing, he advanced towards the town, where a scene of the wildest excitement was taking place, notwithstanding that the natives in the boat stood with out-stretched arms calling on their fellow-countrymen not to fire. Another canoe was then observed coming from the shore, and Lieut. Fraser was informed that under no circumstances would a landing of the crews be permitted, but that he might come on shore unarmed and unattended.

This offer, owing to past memories of Arab treachery, was declined; and, as it was ascertained that the Wali was absent, and that there was no one in authority with whom to treat, Lieutenant Fraser decided to retire without landing—the object of the visit being to demonstrate to the natives that the only mission of the British is against the slave trade and the importation of munitions of war.

The boats accordingly dropped down the stream, keeping the first canoe alongside, and its former occupants in a prominent position in the cutter, until the first bend was reached, when the natives were allowed to return, and the boats stood out to sea.

### THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE "KILLOCHAN" AND THE "NEREID"

A SAD calamity occurred in the English Channel, off Dungeness, on the night of Sunday, February 3rd. During fine, clear weather, with only a moderate breeze, two vessels, which had each other in sight for at least a couple of miles, came into collision, sank within fifteen minutes, and left their crews struggling amid the wreckage in the sea. Of forty-two men, twenty-three went down, and all would inevitably have perished but for the presence on the scene of a tug-steamers which was looking out for a job, and hoping to be employed in towing up the Thames that one of the two colliding vessels which was propelled by sails only. The two ill-fated vessels were respectively the screw-steamer *Nereid*, of 1,150 tons burden, owned by Kirby and Gillies, of Newcastle, and bound from that port for St. Nazaire with a cargo of coals; and the *Killochan*, a full-rigged ship of 1,800 tons, bound from Lytleton, New Zealand, with a cargo of wheat for Queenstown, whence she had been ordered on to London when she met her fate.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Percival Hart, of Poltreen, Cornwall.

### PANTOMIME CHILDREN—THE APOTHEOSIS

DURING the past few weeks there has been a sharp controversy respecting the advisability of employing juvenile performers in pantomimes and similar performances, and the School Board has been moved to take action in the matter, with varied success. In some cases—for instance, at the Crystal Palace and the Court Theatres—the managers were compelled to withdraw the children. Mr. Augustus Harris, however, showed that the children's education was in no way neglected, as he provided his small charges with efficient schooling and carried his point, so that at Drury Lane Madame Katti Lanner's little pupils are left to go through their graceful evolutions unmolested. This school is superintended by a fully certificated School Board teacher, and school-time is from 9.30 to 12.30. Drury Lane Theatre, however, it must be allowed, is exceptionally situated with regard to children performers, as many of those now tripping the huge stage are the third and fourth generations of families who look to the winter season of pantomime for as regular an income as does the great Harry Payne himself. In other theatres the advantages are undoubtedly less, the organisation is not so good, and Miss Bear, in a letter to the *Times*, has forcibly set forth the fatigues endured by the smaller children who have a long distance to travel in wet and wintry weather, and the moral dangers to children of a riper age, who have to go home at night unattended. Then again there is the risk of idle and worthless parents living on the earnings of their little ones, but this, more or less, has to be encountered in every form of child labour—from the shivering match or flower-seller in the streets, to the infant prodigy of the concert-hall. It must be remembered also that some juvenile pantomime performers are the sons and daughters of actors and actresses who are playing at the same time, while in many cases the homes of the little ones are not of a highly refined, or ultra-moral character, so that they cannot but benefit by a training which, if followed up, will enable them to earn an honest living. It would certainly be well, however, to exercise some control over the engagement of children, and in these days of legislation for all things it should not be impossible to initiate a measure to meet the occasion. Our sketch was taken at Madame Katti Lanner's School of Dancing, and will give some idea of the careful training which the children have to go through before they are considered effective. One of the most difficult tasks for the teacher is to teach her charges how to pose themselves gracefully and artistically in those groups and tableaux which form some of the prettiest features of a pantomime ballet.

### THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE "LARGO BAY" AND THE "GLENCOE"

ON the night of Monday, February 4th, the *Largo Bay*, a large iron barque of over 1,200 tons, belonging to Messrs. Hatfield, Cameron, and Co., of Glasgow, was proceeding down the Channel, being bound from London for Auckland. The weather was thick with snow showers, there was a strong wind blowing, and a heavy sea on. Suddenly, off Beachy Head, she came into collision with a large four-masted steamer, which foundered within a few minutes. So tremendous was the force of the collision that the bows of the *Largo Bay* were stove in; her bowsprit and jibboom, with all the gear attached, were carried away, and the foremast was broken short off at the deck, killing an apprentice as it fell. The *Largo Bay*, with a huge rent in her bows, and all hands engaged at the pumps, drifted slowly towards the Isle of Wight, where she was sighted by the *Urpeth*, bound from Havre to Shields, and safely brought by her into Cowes Roads. Subsequent information showed that the vessel



with which she had collided, and which had gone down bodily, was the *Glenoe*, a steamer of nearly 3,000 tons, belonging to the Glen Line Fleet. She had left Liverpool for London in ballast on the previous Saturday, and had been seen off Portland about 1 P.M. on Monday. Fortunately she had no passengers, but there were on board twenty-nine British sailors and twenty-three Chinamen, of whom three were cooks and twenty firemen. There was also on board a first-class Liverpool pilot, named Askin, who, as not unfrequently happens in rough weather, had been unable to get away from the ship after his duties were completed. All these persons, it is to be feared, are lost.—Our engraving, which represents the *Largo Bay* being off Cowes, is from a sketch by Mr. J. W. Haynes, of the yacht *Enn*, Portsmouth.

#### "MANDOLINATA"

This picture, which was exhibited in last year's collection at the Royal Academy, was painted by Mr. Edward Patry, and is the property of Mr. William Patry, of Geneva, by whose permission it is here reproduced. The subject should be especially interesting at the present time, since the mandolin belongs to the same class (among musical instruments) as the banjo, which, originally the solace of American negro slaves after their labours in the cotton-field or among the sugar-canes, has become very fashionable of late among young ladies and gentlemen in this country. The girl in Mr. Patry's picture has an attractive face, and, which is always interesting in a performer, she is not self-conscious, but is completely absorbed in the sweet sounds which she is producing. The mandolin, which belongs to the lute and guitar species, usually has four strings, and is played with a quill as well as with the finger. The strings are made of steel or brass; and sometimes, as in our engraving, they are six or more in number. We may add that last Saturday Mr. Gladstone was serenaded at Amalfi by a body of mandolin-players.

#### "THE TENTS OF SHEM,"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brawnall, R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 145.

#### SKETCHES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER IN EGYPT, II.

AND

#### "CAPTAIN GRONOW'S RECOLLECTIONS"

See page 174.



**POLITICAL.**—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, addressing the St. George's Conservative Club, Piccadilly, on the political situation, spoke of the failure of the Gladstonian prediction that the Unionist alliance would be destroyed by internal dissensions, and of the fulfilment of the Unionist prediction, illustrated by the muster of Socialists and Secularists in Hyde Park on Sunday, that the Iconoclasts of the Constitution would be associated with the Iconoclasts of Revolution. He closed a telling speech with a reference to the difficulty of the task imposed on him in view of the demands for relief of taxation on the one hand, and on the other of those for increased expenditure on armaments, the will of the British people being that our defences should be put in a proper condition.—Mr. Chamberlain, who has paid this week a political visit to Glasgow, addressed a great gathering of Liberal Unionists there in a very suggestive and spirited speech. He urged the necessity for the adoption of a constructive policy by the Unionist party, and recommended for its consideration the establishment of free education, and the extension to England and Scotland of the principle of the Ashbourne Act, so as to procure an increase in the number of owners of land. He ridiculed, as mere "bird-lime," and as a patch-work culled from all the "unauthorised programmes" of the last ten years, the brand-new "Clerkenwell-cum-Limehouse programme," which, even if they were sincere in propounding it, the Gladstonians knew could not be executed for many years. Whether his own views of constructive reform were accepted or not, he would sink or swim with the Union, a declaration which was received with loud and prolonged cheers.—Mr. Childers, speaking in Edinburgh, said that, although the pruning-knife should be applied rigidly, the country ought not to have a smaller Navy than after due inquiry the Ministers of the Crown satisfied Parliament was necessary for the safety of the country.—At an organised demonstration of Gladstonian Radicals, Socialists, and Secularists, in Hyde Park on Sunday, the woes of Mr. O'Brien were set forth and the Government denounced in the midst of a heavy snowstorm.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL elected on Tuesday, by 104 votes to 14, Lord Rosebery as its Chairman. Sir John Lubbock was unanimously elected Vice-Chairman, and Mr. Fifth Deputy-Chairman, receiving 68 votes against 43 given to Mr. F. Fardell, a third candidate, Mr. Alderman Eccleston Gibb, who received 27 votes, having been previously eliminated. The discussion of the question whether the holder of this office should receive a salary was postponed.

LORD WOLSELEY, speaking at a dinner given by the colonel and officers of the 20th Middlesex (Artists') Volunteers, expressed a strong desire—which, he said, was not only his own but that of the army—that there should cease to be a division into separate portions of the military strength of the nation, and that the Regular forces, the Volunteers, and the Militia should form one united army. In the course of his speech he pointed out that, through the supply during the last few months of 252 guns to the Volunteer artillery, a very great addition had been made to the artillery of the country, since the whole artillery of the Regular army consisted of only 320 or 330 guns.

MR. W. O'BRIEN, M.P., after being removed to Tralee gaol, was brought on Tuesday before the magistrates at Killarney on another charge of having, at the end of December last, in County Kerry, a proclaimed district, made a no-rent speech. He is represented as stating in conversation that he felt tolerably well, and that he was becoming accustomed to the prison food.

LONDON MORTALITY has decreased during the last two weeks, 1,572 and 1,460 deaths have been respectively registered against 1,720 during the previous seven days, being 515 and 557 below the average, and at the rate of 18.8 and 17.5 per 1000. There were 71 and 56 deaths from measles, 11 and 12 from scarlet fever, 38 and 21 from diphtheria, 38 and 33 from whooping-cough, 10 and 5 from enteric fever, 1 and 0 from ill-defined forms of fever, 13 and 18 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and none from small-pox, typhus, or cholera. There were 2,662 and 3,566 births registered, being 318 and 87 below the average.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Charity Commissioners have offered £50,000 to endow a Technical Institute for South-West London, provided the same sum can be raised by voluntary effort. Earl Cadogan has promised to give it a freehold site, valued at 10,000/.

—The working men's delegates of the Hospital Saturday Fund have unanimously resolved to support Mr. Coote's scheme of a penny a-week collection to extinguish the debt of the London Hospitals.—At the annual dinner in aid of the funds of the French Hospital in Leicester Square, M. Waddington, French Ambassador in London, made the agreeable announcement that a wealthy merchant in Paris has bequeathed to the institution the bulk of his fortune, 1,000,000 francs, say 40,000/.—A Civil List Pension of 100/ a year has been conferred on the widow of Mr. R. A. Proctor, so well known for his works on Astronomy.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, at the Convent of the Sisters of Charity, Carlisle Place, of the Hon. Everilda C. Maxwell, daughter of the late Lord Herries; in his eighty-third year, of Admiral the Hon. Arthur Duncombe, fourth son of the First Lord Feversham, a Lord of the Admiralty, 1852, Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, 1845-6, Conservative M.P. for the East Riding, 1851-68; in his eighty-third year, of Mr. Joseph Yorke, M.P. for Reigate in 1831-2, one of the last surviving Members of the unreformed House of Commons; in his eighty-fifth year, of Mr. Ker Baillie Hamilton, who had filled various administrative offices in the Colonies, the last being that of Governor-in-Chief of Antigua and the Leeward Islands; and in his eighty-second year, of the Rev. J. E. Dalton, for thirty-seven years Rector of Seagrave, and formerly Vice-President of Queen's College, Cambridge.



THE TURF has been covered with snow, and hence there is little news. The Wye Meeting, fixed for Monday last, has been postponed till Monday next, and the Warwick Meeting, which should have begun on Tuesday, will now be held on Thursday and Friday next week.

Gamecock won the Berkshire Steeplechase, last week, at Windsor, but did not compete in the Eton Handicap Steeplechase, which fell to Lord Lumley. St. Dominic scored his third successive victory in the Park Handicap Hurdle Race Plate. At Doncaster, Nordenfeldt won a couple of Selling Hunters' races for Mr. Rogerson, who retained possession of him; Captain Middleton won another race on his Punjaub; and Mr. C. J. Cunningham rode a couple of winners in Clanranald and Helmet. Come Away, after being heavily backed for the Grand National, retired to 20 to 1, and was finally scratched on Monday. Why Not and Coronet were in most demand at the time of writing. For the Lincolnshire Handicap, Gallinule and Kenilworth divided favouritism at 100 to 7. For the Derby, Chitabob has come to 6 to 1, while Donovan remains steady at 100 to 30.

FOOTBALL.—Linfield Athletic scratched to Notts Forest in the Association Cup, but beat them in a friendly game played at Belfast. In the other undecided ties, Halliwell scored an easy and popular victory over Crewe Alexandra, Blackburn Rovers beat Accrington by five goals to none, and Notts Rangers succumbed to Sheffield Wednesday. Preston North End played their last League match on Saturday, when, before a crowd of 15,000 people, they defeated Aston Villa. Their record stands: 22 matches played—18 won, 4 drawn; goals for, 74; against, 15. Though the Casuals had the Brothers Walters at back, and though, also, the Old Westminsters played one short, the latter were successful in their Charity Cup Match on Saturday. The Scotch Cup fell to the 3rd Lanark R.V., who were in the final in 1876 and 1878, when Queen's Park and Vale of Leven were respectively successful.—In Rugby matches, Oxford beat Old Leysians, while Cambridge succumbed to Richmond—both these results being contrary to expectation. The "Maoris," who play England to-day (Saturday) at Blackheath, have beaten the United Services; but their match against Oxford, on Wednesday, had to be scratched owing to the snow. Bradford beat Blackheath, and Yorkshire defeated Cheshire.

COURSING.—Mr. M. G. Hale's nomination (to be filled by Happy Rondelle, Herschel's conqueror) is favourite for the Waterloo Cup next week. Herschel will again appear for Mr. T. D. Hornby, and Colonel North may possibly be represented by Dingwall, who won the Scarisbrick Cup at Southport last week; while such well-known dogs as Pilate Black, Mullingar, Glenogle, and last year's winner, Burnaby, will probably be found among the runners.

BILLIARDS.—At his new room in Grafton Street Roberts is playing Peall, the latter receiving 4,000 in 12,000, spot-barred. Playing last week against M'Neil, the Champion made a break of 429. North and White are playing all-in, on even terms, at the Aquarium. The latter ought to win, as he seems to have recovered from the recent accident to his arm. Mitchell beat Taylor in their spot-barred match last week.

ROWING.—Mr. Muttelbury has been seen taking an oar in a tub-pair, and it is hoped he will soon return to his place in the Cambridge boat. At Oxford, the difficulty as to a stroke continues. Probably Mr. Holland, the President, will finally occupy the thwart.

RING.—Smith and Kilrain are matched to "fight" in October for 1,000/ a side (?). A well-known publican has offered to give 2,000/ to be boxed by four out of the following five—Smith, Mitchell, Sullivan, Kilrain, and Jackson, the "coloured" bruiser.

#### NINETEENTH CENTURY ART SOCIETY

OF the 397 oil and water-colour pictures in the exhibition just opened at the Conduit Street Gallery, a very small proportion are by artists whose names we remember to have met with before. The general level of merit is certainly not high, but there are a few works showing artistic purpose combined with adequate technical skill. A small scene in Tangiers, "A Street Barber," by Mr. Philip Parry, would form an attractive feature in any exhibition. It is true in local colour, animated in design, and painted with great strength and solidity. A study of the courtyard of "A Posada in Seville," by the same artist, is also noteworthy for its picturesque beauty and glowing harmony of colour, but the figures in the foreground are rather unskillfully arranged. An ably-executed and effective sea-coast view, "Early Morning in a Cornish Hamlet," by Mr. Julius Olsen, would claim more notice if it did not so strongly resemble in subject and treatment a picture that he recently exhibited here. Miss M. A. Sheffield has a fresh and luminous little landscape study, "Spring;" and Miss Alice Greene a view "From an Arch of the Coliseum, Rome," true to local fact, and painted with fastidious care and precision. Mr. A. Ballin's "Gorleston Harbour," and Mr. G. E. Corner's "A Wet Day at East Greenwich," are truthful, and rather artistic studies from Nature. Of the very few water-colours with any claim to attention, Mr. T. B. Hardy's "Bamborough Sands" and Mr. R. H. Nibbs's "The Ferry, Littlehampton," strike us as the best. Both of them are delicately modulated in tone and spacious in effect.



A STATUE OF BALZAC is to be erected by the Parisians in the Galerie d'Orleans of the Palais Royal.

A FEMININE GENERAL BOULANGER was the great success of the evening among the fancy dresses at the first masked ball of the season at the Paris Opéra.

A GIGANTIC OYSTER has been dredged up off Christchurch Head, Hants. It weighed 3½ lbs., was 7 in. long, and equally broad, 16 in. in circumference, and 20½ in. round the outside edge.

"OTHELLO" IN TAMIL is promised as a theatrical novelty in Ceylon, where a Tamil Dramatic Company has been organised by some wealthy natives. Certainly in this cast the representative of the Moor of Venice will not need much "making-up."

THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA has actually been proposed as the great prize of a lottery. The town has become bankrupt, and the creditors want to seize the Hôtel de Ville. To avert this calamity a municipal councillor started the idea of a lottery. So, at least, says the Paris Figaro.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT perfectly charms the Chinese. It has been introduced into the Imperial Palace at Peking, among other preparations for the Emperor's marriage. Before the instalment, however, the lighting process was shown off in Legation Street, attracting crowds of natives.

SO LITTLE SNOW has fallen in Canada this winter that the lumber trade is in danger. Although there has been an enormous cut of logs in the woods, there is not enough snow upon which the timber can be drawn to the streams. If the mild weather continues much longer, it will be impossible to get enough logs for the mills to keep running next summer.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS IN ENGLAND are not so badly off in snowy weather as across the Atlantic, where the express from New York to Montreal was blocked on Friday week. Fuel and provisions became exhausted, and the only food available was bread, which some enterprising farmers brought to the spot and retailed at a shilling a slice.

DELPHI, where once stood the famous Temple of Apollo, has been offered to the Americans for 16,000/ for the purpose of carrying on excavations. The site is considered, from an archaeological point of view, one of the richest in Greece, but at present is covered by the village of Castri, which will have to be removed. Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard College is endeavouring to raise the necessary funds.

THE MONSTER TELESCOPE which is to eclipse the famous Lick instrument will probably be put up at Wilson's Peak, near Los Angeles, California. In order to determine whether the atmospheric conditions are favourable, Professor Pickering, of Harvard University, will first make observations on the site with a 16-inch telescope. The Americans seem quite confident that they can make a 40-inch lens now that the 36-inch Lick lens is a success.

THE TALLEST PRINCE IN EUROPE is said to be young Prince Christian of Denmark, son of the Danish Crown Prince. In the Cathedral of Roeskilde, near Copenhagen, there is a column marked with the heights of all the Royal personages who have visited the church. The shortest was Christian I. of Denmark; afterwards follow the names of Peter the Great, the present Kings of Denmark and Greece, and the Czar, but Prince Christian's mark is above all his relations.

GERMAN OFFICIALISM does not approve of *impromptu* outbursts of loyalty. A postman was passing through the Palace courtyard on the morning of the Emperor's birthday, when it suddenly occurred to him to serenade the Sovereign on his horn, playing an appropriate air. The postal authorities immediately pounced upon the loyal subject, and fined him for "giving a signal which was not ordered by his department." He has since, however, been compensated by the Emperor with a gift of 5/ for his loyalty.

THE JEWISH SABBATH seems likely to be transferred to the Christian Sunday in the United States. Certain Israelites object to losing a day's business weekly by keeping the Sabbath in the old way, while their stricter co-believers find that they cannot afford to maintain their religious traditions when the less punctilious Jews fall into Gentile ways, and so absorb the Saturdays in commercial transactions. Accordingly, the movement initiated some months ago to observe the Sabbath on Sunday, and thus reconcile religion and business, has spread far and wide throughout the States. The New York *Churchman* tells us that Jewish services are held in nearly all the American cities on Sunday morning, while the special service of the synagogue is said on the seventh day to a handful who still adhere to the old forms of Israel.

THE UNFORTUNATE CROWN PRINCE OF AUSTRIA shares the crypt of the Capuchin Church at Vienna with 113 of his ancestors. With three exceptions every member of the Hapsburg dynasty has been buried there since the Emperor Mathias died in 1619—these three exceptions being the Emperor Ferdinand II., buried at Graz, the second wife of Leopold I., and the Empress Amelia, buried in convents. Thus the crypt contains the remains of eleven Emperors, fifteen Empresses, one King of Rome, two Queens, twenty-seven Archdukes, fifty-three Archduchesses, two Dukes, and two Electoral Princes, besides the hearts of two Empresses, of Marie Anne of Portugal, and an Archduchess. Only a week before his death Crown Prince Rudolph gave a sitting for an equestrian portrait to a Viennese painter, and strongly impressed on the artist to have the picture ready by February 1st "without fail."

THE BRITISH SECTION OF THE COMING PARIS EXHIBITION is not nearly large enough to accommodate the number of would-be exhibitors, and negotiations are proceeding for further room to be allotted. Manufacturers hung back at first, and now the Exhibition authorities are expected to complain that the applications come too late. As we have already mentioned, Great Britain and her colonies only occupy half the space they filled in the 1878 display—i.e., about 150,000 square feet. This space is spread over eight departments, each in a distinct part of the building. One important division is to the left of the chief entrance, filled by New Zealand and Victoria, and the British industrial department entered by the handsome Elizabethan screen of *carton pierre*, painted to imitate marble. Some manufacturing processes are to be in the splendid machinery-hall, where British machinery takes up a twelfth of the space. Agricultural exhibits and food products are to be housed on the Quai d'Orsay, together with a bakery and dairy. Educational appliances, books, maps, surgical and musical instruments and photographic materials will be found in the Palace of the Liberal Arts, and on the other side of the gallery will be the Indian Pavilion which we illustrated last week. The Art collection is assigned a fine central position on the right hand side of the Fine Art Gallery, and to provide the expenses of this department, some 2,450/ has been subscribed, though more is wanted. Indeed, altogether the expense falls heavily on the exhibitors, for the French authorities literally provide only the bare skeleton of the various departments, so that every description of fitting and decoration must be furnished by the English themselves.





*The Right Hon. H. Childers, M.P., in Court*



*Mr. Denzil Onslow, formerly M.P. for Guildford*



*Mr. Houston, Secretary of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union, at whose rooms Major Le Caron inspected his despatches to the Government*



*"The New St. Patrick"*



MR. PARNELL AND HIS SOLICITOR (MR. GEORGE LEWIS) ON THE WAY TO A CONSULTATION—A CHANCE MEETING WITH MAJOR LE CARON



*Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., and Mr. Clifford Lloyd (formerly Resident Magistrate) listen to the cross-examination of Major Le Caron*



*Mr. Parnell annotating photographs of newspapers : Mr. H. Campbell takes charge of them*

# THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL





Major Le Caron : "Yes, Sir ; he said that Mr. John O'Leary was an old fossil"



Major Le Caron



Mr. Murphy, Q.C.



Major Le Caron watching Sir Charles Russell reading the speeches of Irish M.P.'s



Major Le Caron in the witness-box



Major Le Caron identifies the portrait of Tynan ("No. 1") :  
"Yes, Sir ; it's a very good photograph"



"Guardian of the Camp"

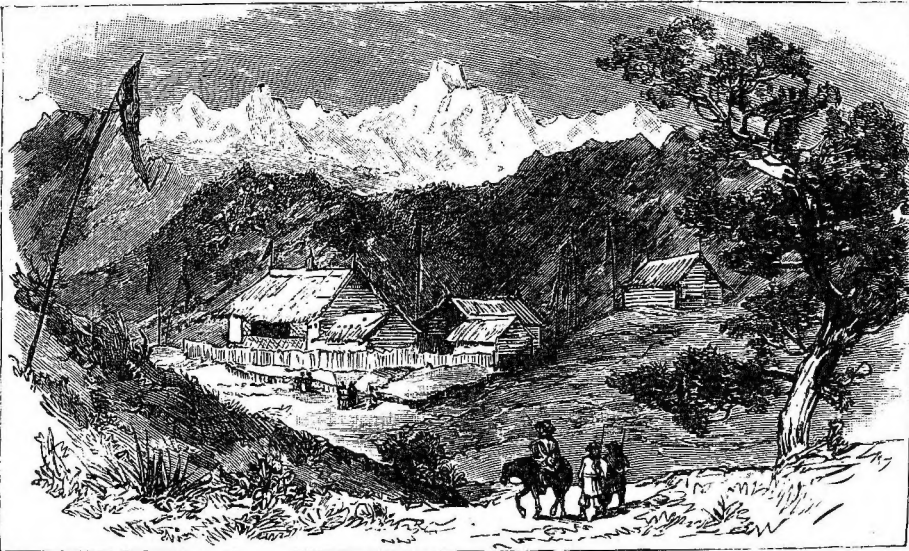


Mr. Parnell "takes off his coat"

THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE  
NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



THE RAJAH OF SIKKIM'S PALACE AT GUNTOK, NOW USED AS A BARRACK FOR OUR TROOPS



RESIDENCE OF THE RAJAH OF SIKKIM AT GUNTOK—MOUNT KINCHINJUNGA IN THE DISTANCE





FRANCE has now entered into one of those curious crises of which it is impossible to forecast the results. Political events are apt to move so quickly across the Channel that it is quite on the cards that M. Floquet and his Cabinet may be out of office by the time this article sees the light; while, on the other hand, it would surprise no one if the present Government were to remain in office until the close of the Exhibition. "Both sides seem to be sitting on powder-barrels," aptly remarks one of the Paris correspondents, and it would need a very small spark to cause a general explosion. It is true that M. Floquet carried his *scrutin d'arrondissement* measure on Monday, but it was by a very small majority out of a very full Chamber—seventy-six of the Republicans voting against him. He certainly has the courage of his opinions, as he closed his speech by directly addressing General Boulanger, who, for the first time since the Paris election, was present in the Chamber. "Yes," exclaimed the Premier, "we want the mask to be pulled off, that we may be seen face to face, and the country will then perceive the real worth of the pretended straightforwardness and integrity of the so-called honest Republic proposed by you." The General flushed up, but wisely said nothing, and bore all M. Floquet's taunts about "a conspiracy of party coalitions and of pretensions founded on equivocation and treason," with a placid resignation characteristic of the man who knows how to bide his time. The measure will now make no difference to him, and considering the enormous and genuinely popular majorities which he has obtained both in the provinces and in Paris, it sounds peevish and even childish of M. Floquet to talk about conspiracy and treason. The all-important Revision question was to come before the Chamber on Thursday, which was expected to be a day fraught with much weal or woe to the present Cabinet. All parties are anxious for the summoning of a Constituent Assembly, if only to put an end to the present uncertain state of things; the Boulangists and Conservatives, because they hope to place absolute power in the hands of their leader, in fact to create a dictatorship; the Radicals, because they hope to bring back the Convention which would crush their enemies much after the fashion of a century since. The hope of all moderate men who wish to see neither a dictatorship nor a revolution lies in the Senate, which is little likely to commit suicide by accepting a measure which abolishes its own powers, though it is a question whether a Senatorial veto will hold good against any great popular agitation. If it does so it will be for the first time in French history.

There has been another "German" incident which has been enhanced by the hot-headed action of a certain Colonel Sénart, who issued an order of the day couched in the most violent language, because a doctor in his regiment had been refused permission by the German Embassy to cross over to Alsace to see his dying mother. The German Embassy, it appears, had no option in the matter, as there is a standing rule that officers on active service are not allowed to cross the frontier, and M. de Freycinet has severely censured Colonel Sénart for issuing a "general order" on matters unconnected with the service, and for commenting upon the acts of a Foreign Power. The incident has given rise to much newspaper polemic on both sides. In PARIS, dramatic circles have chiefly been interested in M. Sardou's new comedy *La Marquise* at the Gymnase, which has rather a Palais Royal flavour, but promises to be a success. The ill-fortuned Eden Theatre is now devoted to Promenade Concerts, intermingled with short theatrical scenes, and a merry-go-round.

GERMANY has been suffering from a heavy fall of snow, which has greatly interfered with all railway communications. Many trains have been embedded in the snow, and some of the principal northern lines have been completely blocked. In political circles there has been very little stirring, and the atmosphere has been calmer than for some time past. The Reichstag adjourned last week indefinitely, Prince Bismarck has been busy entertaining Lord Charles Beresford and receiving the Moorish Ambassadors, who have been greeted with somewhat marked cordiality, the Prussian Diet has been voting an increase of 700,000*l.* to the Emperor's Civil List, and the general public are looking forward with interest to the starting of Captain Wissmann and his East African Expedition, which is now nearly completely organised. Amongst other things he will take out five steamers for river and lake service. In Eastern Africa itself all is comparatively quiet. The German captive missionaries have been released on payment of a ransom, and the exchange of certain captured slave traders, but there is an ugly story told by a Zanzibar correspondent of the *Times* to the effect that the German ships have been wont of late to steam two miles off the mainland coast at night, and occasionally to throw shells promiscuously on land with no idea of attacking an enemy, but simply to overawe the natives. In this manner four people sleeping in a hut near the shore were recently killed. Another vexed colonial question—that of Samoa—is in a fair way to be settled in a more amicable fashion, as the United States have accepted Prince Bismarck's invitation to resume in Berlin the Washington Conference of 1887. While accepting the invitation, however, Mr. Bayard suggests, in view of Prince Bismarck's assurance that "the pacification of the Samoan group and the occupation of a neutral position" are his only objects, that instructions to suspend belligerent action and await the action of the Conference should at once be telegraphed by the Treaty-making Powers, Germany, England, and the United States, to their respective officers in the Archipelago.

In AUSTRIA-HUNGARY the Emperor and Empress met with a most enthusiastic reception at Buda Pesh on Monday. Some two thousand University students dressed in black, wearing bunches of immortelles, with crape streamers in their buttonholes, lined the streets, which were draped, flagged, and festooned in black. At the station they were received by M. Tisza and Count Andrássy, to the latter of whom the Emperor said, as he shook his hand, "God has given and God has taken away. His will be done." The personal popularity of the Emperor, however, has not abated the Hungarian opposition to the Army Bill, and on Tuesday there was another angry demonstration against the obnoxious measure, the provisions of which it is now said will be somewhat modified. At Vienna the Crown Prince's death has, of course, completely stopped all carnival festivities, and many trades have suffered in consequence, though ingenious tradespeople are trying to meet the emergency in various ways, one confectioner displaying black boxes of bon-bons. The Princess Stéphanie is not going to Belgium, but will reside with her little daughter at the Château of Laxenburg. Her title will henceforward be the Dowager Crown-Princess Archduchess Stéphanie.

ITALY has been startled by some serious disturbances at Rome instigated by unemployed masons, who marched through the streets, breaking shop windows, and generally damaging other people's property. Order was eventually restored by the troops, but much uneasiness was felt for some days, all the shops being closed on Sunday, so great was the popular panic. In Papal circles there are signs that peace is at last to be concluded with the Quirinal, and

in his Allocution pronounced at Monday's Consistory the Pope declared that the negotiations between Rome and the Vatican are progressing satisfactorily, and will shortly be concluded. Leo XIII. also dwelt upon the fact that the Powers, now more than ever, have need to make common cause with the Church by reason of the perils with which they are threatened, and of which proof was afforded by the disturbances in Rome. "Arms alone," he continued, "and the progress made in military science and in the perfecting of weapons of destruction do not suffice. . . . Peace must be preserved by rendering to each what belongs to him, and in strictly adhering to the dictates of justice."

In RUSSIA much excitement has been caused by the Czar's high-handed action with regard to Count Tolstol's so-called "reforms," which have been the subject of animated discussion in the Great Council of the Empire. By these "reforms" the Minister of the Interior is manifestly endeavouring to destroy the scanty remains of local self-government which exist in Russia, and to put in its place a carefully centralised bureaucracy, controlled by the Government. He wishes to establish a system of petty rulers to each country district, who shall be appointed by the governors, and taken exclusively from the noble class, and who shall have judicial and administrative functions with regard to the peasantry. They are moreover to control the Zemstvos or district and provincial councils, which have for twenty-five years enjoyed a certain degree of independence, and have certainly managed local matters fairly well. The Grand Council, however, disapproved of the scheme, and decided by 39 to 13 votes—three Grand Dukes being in the majority—that the authority of the new magistrates should not be limited to the peasant class, but include all classes. This was looked upon as a defeat for Count Tolstol's whole project, but the Czar has backed up his Minister, and quietly over-riding the Council's opposition has sanctioned the scheme, which will now have to be discussed in detail by the Council. A second scheme is also to be proposed, by which the Presidents of the Zemstvos are to be appointed by the Government, are to wear a special uniform, and to propose to the deputies what they shall discuss, after first conferring with the Provincial Governor. This is certainly carrying out the old policy of centralisation and class privilege to a somewhat dangerous extent, even for autocratic Russia. —The St. Petersburg journals have been somewhat agitated over the report that the Ameer of Afghanistan is massing forces on the Russo-Afghan frontier, with a view to pursuing Ishak Khan across the border, and it is of course urged that Abdurrahman's attitude calls for Russia to take "precautionary measures." Consequently we hear that "the military authorities on the spot are preparing for all eventualities."

In INDIA nothing apparently is known of the Ameer's hostile attitude, and no important news from that region is recorded. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to know, in view of these "eventualities," that the Indian Princes are loyally co-operating with the Government in the formation of a feudatory reserve force, and the Rajpoot Princes are contributing valuable aid in cavalry, infantry, and transport towards an "emergency" force. The chief item of the week is the address, upon which we comment elsewhere, of Lord Lansdowne in aid of the National Association for Providing Medical Aid for Indian Women—a movement initiated by Lord and Lady Dufferin, and now as energetically advocated by their successors. The Sikkim-Tibetan Question is still in abeyance, as Mr. Hart still awaits definite instructions from China. The Commander-in-Chief is not losing time, however, and has gone to Darjeeling to adopt "precautionary measures," should all negotiations fail. From Upper Burma the news is as warlike and unsatisfactory as usual, though there is one noteworthy victory to be chronicled—a strong stockade at Maulin having been stormed and the rebels effectually routed, though with the loss of one officer, Lieutenant Stoddart of the Hampshire Regiment, and four men.

JAPAN is the latest country to provide itself with a brand new Constitution. This was promulgated with great ceremony by the Mikado on Monday. It is founded on the German system, provides for the establishment of a House of Peers, partly hereditary and partly elective, a further portion of the members being nominated by the Mikado, and of a House of Commons composed of 300 members. The franchise is conferred upon all men having attained the age of twenty-five, and paying taxes to the amount of twenty-five dollars annually. Liberty of religion, freedom of speech, and the right of public meeting is also granted. Parliament will exercise legislative functions, and will have the control of financial affairs within certain limits. The judges will be irremovable, except by a special law.



HER MAJESTY with Princess Beatrice, the Empress Frederick, and Princesses Sophie and Margaret of Prussia drove to Ryde at the close of last week, and visited the Royal Isle of Wight Infirmary, and, after opening the new wing, went through the wards. On Saturday the Duchess of Albany with the little Duke and Princess Alice of Albany arrived at Osborne, and in the evening the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury dined with Her Majesty, the Marquis being received in audience of the Queen on his arrival. Sunday was the forty-ninth anniversary of the Queen's marriage, Her Majesty having been a widow for twenty-seven years. The Queen, the Empress, and Royal Family attended Divine Service at Osborne, the Rev. Arthur Peile, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Ventnor, officiated. Her Majesty would return from Osborne yesterday (Friday), will stay a week at Windsor and come up to Buckingham Palace on the 25th inst. for a few days. The Empress Frederick and her daughters leave for Germany next week. During the summer, the Queen will present new colours to the 89th Regiment (Royal Irish Fusiliers), probably at Dover.

Prince Henry of Battenberg was installed as Governor of Carisbrook Castle last week. The freedom of the Borough of Newport is to be conferred upon the Prince on his appointment by the Queen to be Governor and Captain-General of the Isle of Wight. The ceremony will take place when the Court returns to the Isle of Wight in July.

The Prince of Wales last week visited Kingsclere, and inspected the horses which are in training by Mr. John Porter. The Prince subsequently lunched at Park House. The Prince presided at a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Trustees of the British Museum last Saturday. The Princess, accompanied by Prince George and her daughters, arrived at Marlborough House from Sandringham, and on Sunday were present with the Prince of Wales at Divine Service. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, Prince George, and the three Princesses were present at the wedding of Lord William Nevill and Mdlle. de Murrieta at the Oratory, Brompton, and subsequently went to the wedding breakfast at Carlton House Terrace. In the evening the Prince, who offered a special compartment in his train and steamer to the newly wedded couple, attended by Colonel Clarke left London for the Riviera, and crossed to Calais by special boat. The Prince would stay in Paris until yesterday (Friday), and then proceed to Cannes, where he

will reside at the Réunion. The Prince will remain about three weeks in the Riviera and return to London early next month. Yesterday (Friday), Prince George would leave to join his vessel, the *Northumberland*, with the Channel Squadron. The Princess and her daughters remain in town a short time longer to attend the Drawing Room on Tuesday, and will then return to Sandringham. The Princess will probably hold a Drawing Room on behalf of the Queen, about the third week in March, while two Levées will be held at St. James's Palace the same month. Prince Albert Victor distributed the prizes to the successful students of the Science and Art Classes at York Institute on Saturday. He has become an Honorary Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers. The Prince has given one hundred guineas to the fund for adapting the Castle of Norwich and adjacent buildings to receive the collections of the Norfolk and Norwich Museum, and for providing a gallery for the exhibition of paintings.

The Duke of Cambridge completed his tour of inspection at Gibraltar on Saturday, and having abandoned his proposed visit to Malta, he then crossed in the *Iron Duke* to Valencia, whence he returns home.



AN AUTHORITATIVE CONTRADICTION is given to the report that Archdeacon Watkins had been offered and had accepted the Bishopric of St. Asaph.

THE PROSECUTION OF THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN.—The proceedings in this case, which excites such general interest among Churchmen, began on Tuesday, in the Library of Lambeth Palace, before the Archbishop of Canterbury and his assessors, the Bishops of London, Winchester, Oxford and Salisbury. The Bishop of Lincoln, in person, objected to the constitution of the court, and asked that his counsel should be heard in support of his contention that, in accordance with the practice of the Primitive Church, he ought to be tried before the Archbishop as metropolitan with the provincial bishops. The Primate acceded to his request, and on the point thus raised the Bishop's counsel will be heard on March 12th.—Dr. Vaughan, preaching in the Temple Church on Sunday, indirectly deprecated the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln, asking if it was wisdom, on the one side or on the other, "to make vital matters of a whiff of incense, of the colour of a stole, or of the breadth of a phylactery."—The sum of 17,000*l.* has been subscribed in the Diocese of Lincoln as a defence fund for its Bishop.

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL, presiding at the annual meeting of the Liverpool Diocesan Church Aid Society, referred to the necessities of the clergy who resided in poor districts, and had small incomes, and expressed his conviction that the laity of the Church of England would have to face the difficulty before long, and to put their hands more deeply into their pockets than they now seemed inclined to do.

AN ADDRESS to the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, on leaving London, expressive of cordial appreciation of his character and services, has received nearly six hundred signatures, including those of eight Bishops, ten Peers, among them Lord Tennyson, twelve Deans, and eight Archdeacons.

A MEETING OF THE CATHOLIC UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN, presided over by the Duke of Norfolk, adopted an address to the Pope, moved by the Chairman, and seconded, by the Marquis of Ripon, expressive of indignation at those sections of the new Italian Penal Code which they regard as designed to deprive the Italian priesthood of the freedom of speech and action essential to the due discharge of their clerical duties.

THE RECENT EFFORT MADE by the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Executive to raise a sufficient sum to clear off the existing debt on the Society by means of family offerings throughout Methodism has, the *Nonconformist* says, resulted in some 5,000*l.* being raised. In this and other ways, the Society will, it is likely, be freed from its present financial embarrassments.

IN A LETTER READ to the congregation of the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Sunday, Mr. Spurgeon said that the wounded limb had steadily improved, but that as yet he could not use it much.

IT IS PROPOSED to place a stained-glass window in the Church of St. Mary, Ambleside, in memory of W. E. Forster and Matthew Arnold, two of the most illustrious frequenters of the Lake Country. Subscriptions (limited to a guinea) may be sent to the Rev. C. H. Chase, Ambleside, or to Messrs. Wakefield and Crewdson, bankers, Ambleside.



CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—Mr. August Manns having returned from Glasgow, and the Sydenham pantomime season having closed, the Crystal Palace Classical Concerts were resumed on Saturday. The prices of admission had been raised; but there nevertheless was a very large attendance—a result for which the fact that little Otto Hegner was announced to make his only appearance in London this season with orchestra will fully account. The British Matron has been credited with a good deal of the favour that various juvenile pianoforte "prodigies" still enjoy. But, in little Hegner's case, this is hardly the truth. His recitals and other performances are crowded by audiences of cultured amateurs and professional musicians, who are naturally intensely interested in watching the gradual development of an admitted genius. On Saturday Hegner tried conclusions with his great little rival, Josef Hofmann, who had already performed Beethoven's C minor Concerto at the Crystal Palace. To compare the two would be a hopelessly invidious task, which we do not propose to undertake. It will be sufficient now to say that although in the opening *allegro* Master Hegner was slightly nervous, he soon recovered himself; and, excepting as to the *cadenza* by his master, Herr Glaus, which was far too long, and moreover, utterly uninteresting, the rest of the movement went admirably. He was still more successful in the *Andante*, where the little pianist's delicate touch and exquisite sensibility had the fullest play, and, in the *rondo-finale*, which was performed in the gayest and most brilliant manner. Master Hegner subsequently played a couple of pieces by Liszt and a *Pastorale* by Scarlatti. The American soprano, Miss Emily Spada, who successfully deputised for Madame Nordica in the *Golden Legend* last autumn, was not heard to her best advantage in songs from *Roberts* and *Tannhäuser*. The symphony was Beethoven in F, and, to open the concert, was played a somewhat ambitious prelude from M. Lalo's *Le Roi d'Ys*. The opera itself is popular in Paris, where, as it is already well known, the various themes which are announced in the prelude, and subsequently appear in the opera, can be easily



recognised. Here, in default of an explanatory analysis, they were almost unintelligible to the audience.

"PICKWICK."—We last week gave a description of Messrs. Burnand and Solomon's new sketch, "Pickwick." It is now, therefore, necessary to do little more than chronicle its successful production. This result was in great part due to the whimsicalities of Mr. Burnand's libretto, and to the admirable performance of the chief parts by Miss Lottie Venne, who, although a somewhat juvenile, was a most amusing Mrs. Bardell, by Mr. Rutland Barrington, who was stolidly funny as the Baker, and by Mr. Arthur Cecil, who—e wonderful make-up exactly realised Seymour's original sketch of Mr. Pickwick himself. The composer conducted, and the little work went merrily enough.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—In the absence of Lady Hallé, Mr. Kruse, the young Australian pupil of Dr. Joachim, led the quartet at the Popular Concerts on Saturday and Monday. The programmes included Brahms' latest pianoforte trio in C minor, and Beethoven's trio in the same key, Op. 9, No. 3, Schubert's D minor quartet (with its variations of the melody allotted to Death in Schubert's well-known song, "Death and the Maiden"), Beethoven's "Harfen-Quartett," and for violin solos the scena-cantante from Spohr's *Dramatic concerto* (but of course with only pianoforte accompaniment), and one of the fifty now quite old-fashioned violin sonatas left us by Tartini, a composer who was born as far back as 1692. Mr. Kruse succeeded far better in the piece of display last mentioned than in his quartet leading, for which it is no reproach to him that he as yet hardly possesses the necessary experience. Mr. Max Pauer was the pianist at both concerts, and on Monday Miss Liza Lehmann sang two musicianlike songs by Mr. Hamish McCunn.

OPERA.—Arrangements are now in a forward state for the opening of the Royal Italian Opera season in May. Mesdames McIntyre, Nordica, Rolla, Scalchi, Melba, Madi, and Ella Russell, the brothers de Reszké, the baritone d'Andrade, Lassalle, and other old favourites are retained, and among the new comers will be Mlle. Litta, a pupil of Signor Giuliani, four tenors, MM. Talazac, d'Andrade, Montariol, and Massimi, besides the Russian baritone, Winogradov. The novelties will probably be an Italian version of *Die Meistersinger*, *Roméo et Juliette* in French, and possibly revivals of *Roberto and Tannhäuser*.

THE LEEDS FESTIVAL.—The principal items of the programme for the Leeds Festival next October were settled on Tuesday. The novelties, to wit Mr. Corder's *Sword of Argantyr*, Dr. Parry's setting of Pope's *Ode to St. Cecilia*, Dr. Creser's *Sacrifice of Freia*, and Sir Arthur Sullivan's new choral work, have already been announced. Besides these the famous Leeds choir will be heard in Berlioz's *Faust*, Brahms' *Requiem*, Schubert's Mass in E flat (written during the last year of the composer's career), Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* and *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, and Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Golden Legend*.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Mr. Henschel, in commemoration of the anniversary (which, however, really occurred next day) of Wagner's decease, gave a Wagner programme at the London Symphony Concert on Tuesday. The work best performed was the beautiful introduction and closing scene of Isolde's death from *Tristan and Isolde*. The scheme likewise included the preludes to *Lohengrin* and *Parsifal*, Hans Sachs' monologue "Wahn-Wahn," from *Die Meistersinger*, sung by Mr. Henschel and conducted by Mr. Hamish McCunn, and (the only item not by the Bayreuth master) Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony.—At M. Isidore de Lara's vocal recital on Tuesday there was the customary programme, but the infant singer, Miss Naudin, was unable to appear.—Concerts have likewise been given in aid of various charities, and on Wednesday were announced Mr. Heinrich's vocal recital, with an interesting programme, a Ballad Concert of old English songs, and a recital of Schubert's compositions, by the composer's grand-niece, Mlle. Geisler Schubert, a pianoforte pupil of Madame Schumann.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti has signed a contract with Mr. Kùhè to sing, after her return from South America, at three Concerts at the Albert Hall, and at various performances in the provinces, between November 1st and Christmas.—Mr. John Barnadough, the well-known tenor of Lincoln Cathedral, and the organiser of concerts in that city, expired last Saturday, under very sad circumstances. He started to walk in the snow from Owmly to Lincoln. He was found by the roadside dead, probably of heart-disease, accelerated by the extreme cold.—The deaths are announced from Paris, of the Dutch composer, teacher, and pianist, M. Ten Brink, aged fifty; and of M. Gustave Lewita, aged thirty-five, a popular pianist, and performer of Chopin's music.—It is said that the total number of members enrolled among the two hundred and forty-four Wagner Societies in various parts of the world now amounts to six thousand.—On March 14th, Dr. Joachim and Sir Frederic Leighton will be the only guests at a banquet given by the Cambridge Musical Society in the Hall of Gonville and Caius College, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the great violinist's *début*.—Dr. A. C. Mackenzie will take Mr. Cowen's place as conductor at the first concert of the Philharmonic Society.

## THEATRES

"CAPTAIN SWIFT" has at last disappeared from the bills of the Haymarket, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* has taken its place. We have already had occasion to speak of this revival, and to note that the pains bestowed upon it. In point of scenic illustration it is something more than adequate; while, as regards the acting, it will bear favourable comparison with any revival within the memory of the present generation of playgoers. Mr. Tree's Falstaff has now acquired the "fine, fruity flavour," as the old connoisseurs of port wine would say, which was the quality lacking in his earlier performances. The ability to cast off the smooth effrontery and polished self-restraint of the bushranger hero in Mr. Chambers' drama, and suddenly assume the characteristics of Shakespeare's immortal Knight with such sustained force and fertility of resource, is perhaps the most convincing proof that Mr. Tree has yet given of the depth and range of his powers. His successes have all been honestly won. There is no trick, no caprice or eccentricity, to startle the judicious and make the vulgar stare; all, in fact, has been sound, honest acting—the fruit of intelligent study allied with means of the first order. It is time to recognise the fact that in Mr. Tree our stage possesses an actor of very rare versatility and of unquestionable genius. The most noteworthy change in the cast is the substitution of Miss Henrietta Lindley for Miss Lingard in the part of Mistress Ford, and of Mr. Blythe (who played on Saturday with a little too much animal spirits for the taste of the audience) in the part of the Host of the Garter.

In their new romantic drama, in four acts, at the PRINCESS'S, Messrs. Hall Caine and Wilson Barrett have adroitly turned to account the picturesque side of the abuses of our old transportation system. Though the story of *The Good Old Times* (they are really the bad old times, but the authors avail themselves of a well-known Australian colloquialism) begins on English soil in the house of

John Langley, a Justice of the Peace and Sheriff of the County of Cumberland, it carries us away to Tasmania some fifty years since, and it is in the convict settlement at Macquarie Harbour that its most striking episodes occur. Unfortunately, the piece, of which we shall have more to say next week, suffered somewhat from a lack of clearness in the story; but it was well received on the whole.

The subject of Mr. Sydney Grundy's play, *A Fool's Paradise*, which was produced at the Gaiety Theatre on the occasion of Miss Kate Rorke's *matinée* last Tuesday week, is of a tragic kind, although so varied and amusing are the incidental scenes that little but loud and prolonged laughter was heard throughout the afternoon. The story is of an apparently faithful and loving wife who endeavours to poison her husband stealthily and by degrees, in order not to incur suspicion. Her guilt is finally brought home to her by her husband's medical attendant. There were many amusing passages in the dialogue of the piece, which, evidently, on the whole, gave genuine satisfaction to the audience. The physician was represented by Mr. Wenman, and other parts were cleverly played by Miss Kate Rorke, Miss Gertrude Kingston, Mr. E. W. Gardner, and Mr. H. B. Conway.

Mrs. Bernard Beere has been accused of walking in the footsteps of Madame Sarah Bernhardt; but the fact will be soon the other way. Madame Bernhardt in brief is to play, in the forthcoming version in Paris of Mr. F. C. Phillips's *As In a Looking Glass*, the character of Lena Despard lately acted by Mrs. Bernard Beere at the OPERA COMIQUE.

Messrs. Manville Fenn and Darnley's mirthful comedy, *The Balloon*, which was very favourably received at a recent *matinée*, has been reproduced at the STRAND Theatre, where it will be played nightly till further notice.

Mr. Irving is going to publish from time to time a little list, to be called "Treasure-trove." The treasure will be the various articles—and very various they are—which gentlemen and ladies leave behind them at the Lyceum. Even unconsidered trifles will be duly noted. Hair pins, for example, are generally of small value; but Mr. Irving will "have them on the list."

The ill-fortune of the little theatre in Great Queen Street has not yet forsaken it. Neither the change of its name from the Novelty to "The Jodrell," nor the introduction of the "Water Curtain," which nightly damped the spirits and relaxed the violin strings of the orchestra, has sufficed to save it from another abrupt closing. Miss Patti Rosa and her associates have vanished, and the Jodrell is once more to let.

Mr. Sydney Grundy's new play, *The White Lie*, was produced, it is said successfully, by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in Nottingham last week. It will ere long be seen at the new COURT Theatre, where the representations of *Mamma* are drawing to a close.

The revival of *The School for Scandal* at the GLOBE Theatre would be worth seeing if it were only for Miss Kate Vaughan's exquisitely graceful dance in the minuet introduced into the second act; but the comedy is played with spirit by a company which includes Miss Vaughan as Lady Teazle, Mr. Fernandez as Sir Peter, Mr. Lionel Brough as Moses, and Mr. William Herbert as Charles Surface.—Miss Mary Rorke is to play Elizabeth in Mr. Mansfield's revival of *Richard III.*, which is promised early in March; Miss Beatrice Cameron will appear as Lady Anne; while Mr. Luigi Lablache, who, by the way, is a grandson of the renowned baritone, will represent the Duke of Richmond.

It is rumoured that the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre is likely to pass into the hands of a company.

Mr. Mayer's patrons having shown a decided disposition to renounce the Théâtre Libre and all its works, the ROYALTY play bill has once more undergone a change. On Monday evening Madame Malvau, summoned back for that purpose, made her first appearance here in *Denise*, in which it will be remembered that Madame Jane Hading played here not long ago. On Friday and Saturday evening this week Mlle. Reichenberg and M. Coquelin, *cadet*, reappear here.

A version of *Robert Elsmere* was to have been produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, but the authoress being averse to the production, the idea has been abandoned. The novel does not seem likely to lend itself kindly to dramatic treatment; but the playwright and the critics appeared to found hopes on the fact that the American public have not had "a religious play" since *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

The Dutch who, in the absence of copyright conventions, lay a free hand upon foreign productions, have converted *The Mikado* into a circus piece. Accordingly Sir Arthur Sullivan's music is now heard and Pooh-Bah is seen on horseback in the ring of the "Royal Nederlandsch Circus Cirque" in Amsterdam.

A special *matinée* of a new domestic comedy, entitled *See Saw*, by George Capel and J. Ragland Phillips, will take place at TERRY'S Theatre on Friday, 22nd inst. At the same house Messrs. Helmore and Phillips' farcical comedy, *The Policeman*, will be repeated on the afternoon of March 5th.



THE PARNELLISM AND CRIME COMMISSION.—The proceedings of the Commission on Tuesday this week were chiefly in connection with the continued and concluded cross-examination, and with the re-examination of Major Le Caron, a portion of whose startling evidence was summarised in this column last week, and the whole of which was given with great precision as well as frankness. A very curious document was read on Tuesday, a report drawn up by Major Le Caron himself in 1881 as an office-bearer of the United Brotherhood, on the proceedings of the Irish-American Convention of that year. He spoke of that revolutionary body as having formed an alliance with Governments, explained by him to be those of Russia and Spain, "both of which have a bone to pick with England." "The leaders of the Land League," the report went on to say, "are in part in accord with us, and are willing to devote their means and energies to promote revolutionary plans. . . . We have already received proof of what they have the power and willingness to do in the Boer affair, which through them had cost the British Government millions of dollars." In the witness-box Major Le Caron affirmed that he considered himself an English spy in the Irish-American camp, but one who played this part from patriotic motives. He declared that not only had all the money which he received from the English Government for the information transmitted by him to it been spent in the service, but that he had actually spent in that service more than he received. He also declared that no arrangement had been made, and that no understanding existed, as to what was to be done for him by the Government in the future. The proceedings before the Commission on Wednesday possessed little general interest.—Having failed so far to prosecute the *Times* for libel in the Scotch Courts, Mr. Parnell is commencing an action in Dublin, but it remains to be seen whether an Irish Court of Law will decide that it has any jurisdiction in the matter.

The action for libel brought by Wood the jockey against the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* terminating, it will be remembered, in a verdict for the plaintiff with a farthing damages, the Lord Chief Justice refused him his costs. The Court of Appeal have affirmed Lord Coleridge's decision.

THE DISPOSAL-OF-SEWAGE QUESTION is difficult enough, without having obstruction thrown in the way of local authorities who attempt to grapple with it honestly. The Compton Gifford Local Board, in 1881, carried out a scheme for disposing of the sewage of their district, which was approved by the Local Government Board. It included the formation of certain subsidence tanks, the use of which two Justices ordered to be discontinued as nuisances. Mr. Justice Wills, sitting in the Chancery Division, has held that contrivances for the disposal of sewage are not among the nuisances defined by the Public Health Act, under which the Justices made their order. Further, he has declared it to be incredible "that, when the Legislature had entrusted Local Boards with the difficult, thankless, and expensive task of draining districts, jurisdiction should be conferred on two magistrates, even with an appeal to Quarter Sessions, to substitute their judgment for that of the Local Board and their skilled advisers. It would," he added, "be still more extraordinary if the magistrates could, as they had tried to do in this case, set aside a scheme sanctioned by the Local Government Board."

AN EXPOSURE made and a decision given at the Mansion House may check the too common practice of exhibiting for sale, as of English and superior make, worthless foreign watches. In this, a test case, the London Watch Trade Association summoned a watchmaker in Cheapside, under the Merchandise Marks Act, for selling a silver watch stamped on the face of it, "English Lever Watch Company," and marked inside, "Patent lever, jewelled;" whereas it bore the Swiss hall-mark, and was no more a patent lever than any of the penny toy-watches sold in the streets. It was, in fact, one of the worst kinds of foreign watches, purchasable wholesale at 14s., but was charged 17. 18s. 6d. to the members of the prosecuting Company, who bought it, startled by the low price asked for a watch described as English and patent lever. It was urged for the defendant, who was admitted to be a respectable tradesman of long standing, and ignorant of the false description given of the watch, that he had not been at business for some time, and did not know that watches of the kind were still being sold at his establishment. Alderman Sir Henry Isaacs imposed a mitigated fine of 5s., the defendant also returning the money which had been paid for the watch.

UNDER THE DEPRECIATORY DESIGNATION OF "STREET-SINGER," a helper of the Open Air Mission was summoned before the Hammersmith police magistrate, charged with continuing to sing hymns in the Cambridge Road after being asked by a neighbouring shop-keeper to desist. He was fined 40s. and 17. 3s. costs, with the alternative of three weeks' imprisonment; the magistrate expressing regret that his hand was left so weak by the law, and adding that the street's were for locomotion, not for singing and preaching.

MR. JOHN MACDONELL, Barrister-at-Law, editor of the New Series of "State Trials," has been appointed a Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature.



THE CENTRAL CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE have passed the following resolution:—"That in the present state of agriculture, and many other industries, it is desirable to levy moderate import duties upon foreign produce and manufactures, equivalent to the imperial and local taxation which the home produce of such articles is called upon to bear." The speeches of Mr. Turner, the mover, and Mr. Nethersole, the seconder of the motion, did not strike us as free from inconsequence, but the importance of their position lay not in their speeches but in the men themselves, the one representing the agriculturists of East Anglia, the "corn-land" of England *par excellence*, while the other spoke for the well-to-do and substantial farmers of Kent. The districts on whose behalf Mr. Turner and Mr. Nethersole spoke return nearly a hundred supporters of the present Government, and their abstention from a single critical division would be sufficient to oust that Government from office.

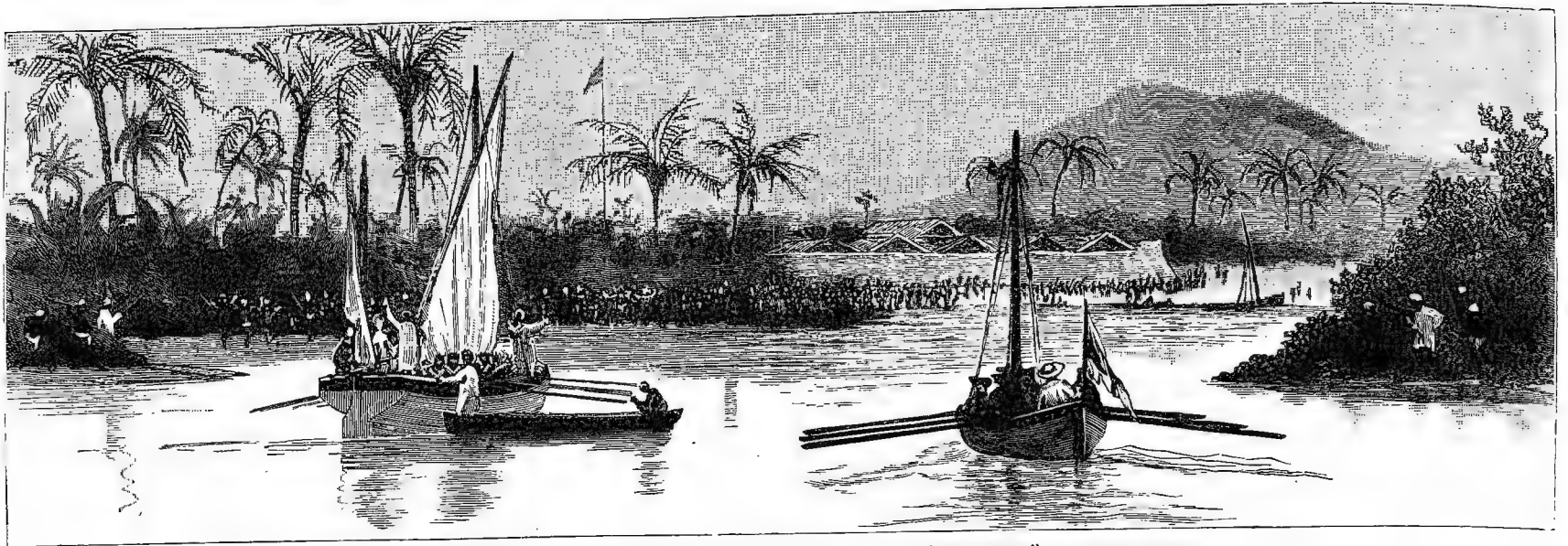
THE TEMPER OF THE CONSTITUENCIES, indeed, is hardly left to surmise when Mr. Wilmot, speaking for West—as Mr. Nethersole had spoken for East—Kent, said that at the next General Election Kent and Sussex would not return a single Member who was not in favour of some measure of Fair Trade or of Financial Reform, by which latter phrase Mr. Chaplin's bi-metalism was possibly suggested. The Secretary of the Fair Trade League made a clever speech, directed to show that, owing to competition for custom, the middle-man and the foreign owner would bear the burden of the import duties; which would, furthermore, be a great aid to the revenue, and enable the Government to deal generously, instead of in a niggardly manner, with the relief of local taxation. Mr. Jasper More, M.P., opposed the resolution; but his appeal to members to say how we were to get rid of our Commercial Treaties with other countries rather weakened his case. Treaties are not eternal, and with due notice can be, and constantly are, formally "denounced."

BI-METALLISM, as a secondary cure for agricultural depression, is believed in by the Central Chamber even more strongly than import duties. A resolution practically endorsing the ideas of Mr. Chaplin was passed without a single dissident. Mr. Sergeant, who represents Gloucestershire, said that the mono-metallic nations of the world were all alike suffering from depression; while in silver-using countries, such as India, the prices of commodities were as high now, or even higher, than they were years ago. This statement was much applauded. It was also pointed out that a buyer now visiting India changes English money, and, through an alteration of exchange, gets forty pieces of Indian money where before he got but thirty pieces. Therefore, in going to market, if the goods were exactly the same price as they were in former times, he got more goods, in the proportion of four to three, than he got before; and, if those goods were sacks of wheat, he could sell again in England 25 per cent. cheaper than of yore.

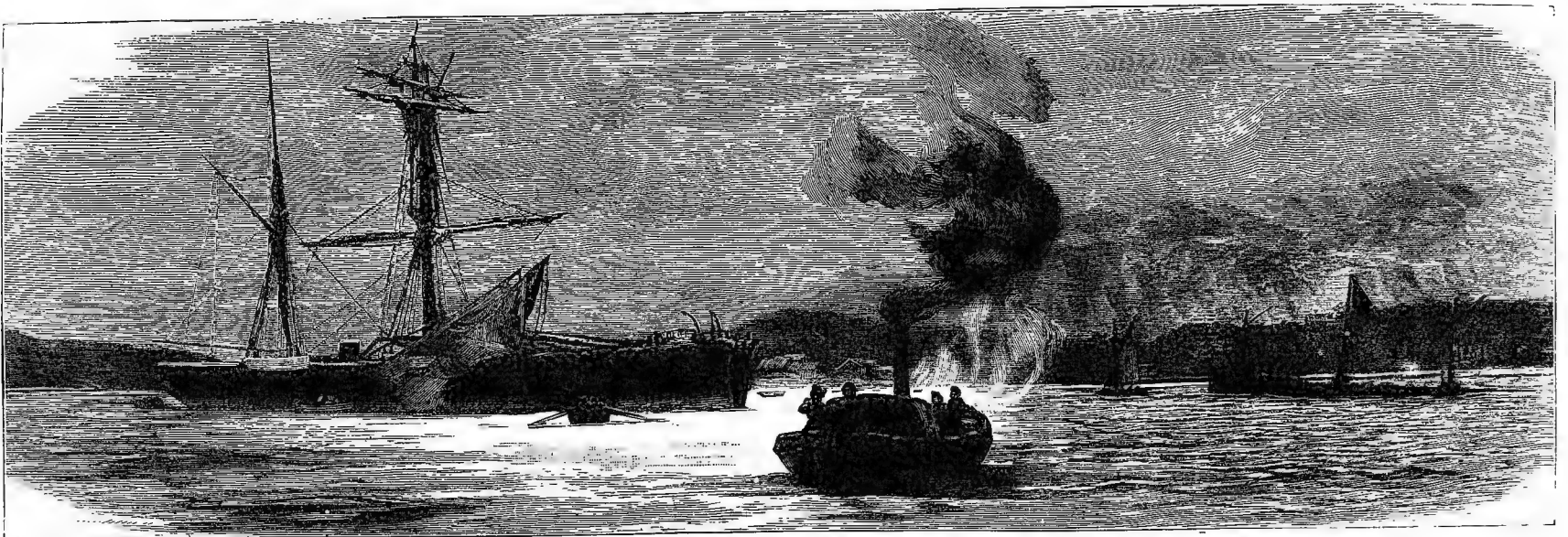
MR. CLARE SEWELL READ did not make very much of the Corn Returns with which he dealt at the February meeting of the Farmers' Club. He succeeded in showing that Mr. Jasper More's Committee had presented "a lame and impotent report," but it must have been courtesy to "the guest of the day" which restrained Mr. Jasper More (who was present) from rejoicing that Mr. C. S. Read's "simple remedy" was equally lame and impotent, and even more fallacious than the report of the Committee, which indeed shows throughout the most obvious terror of recommending anything at all. Mr. C. S. Read thinks that if the buyer returned only the corn bought from the grower all would be well. Unfortunately the tendency to deal through agents is a growing one, and, as farmers become too busy to tout about at markets in person, will continue to grow. Mr. Read, therefore, is deliberately sentencing us to have our prices fixed from averages representing but a small fraction of the total wheat sales of the country. The present returns only include one-third the total sales, and are too limited, instead of too wide, in their character.

THE COMPOSITION OF WHEAT.—Two German chemists have recently made some researches into the variations in the composition of wheat, consequent upon differences of season and climate.

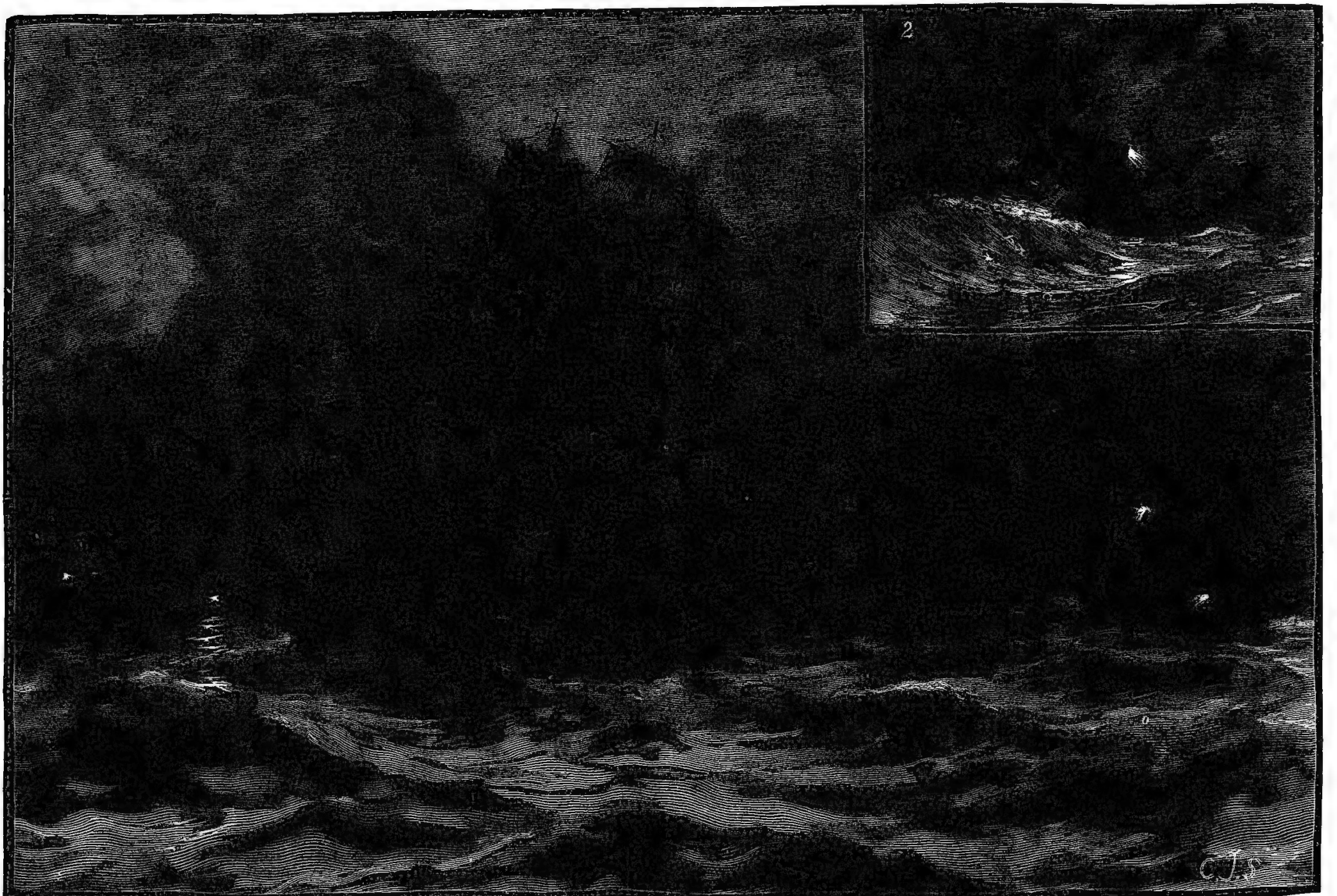




HOSTILE RECEPTION OF THE CUTTER AND WHALER OF H.M.S. "BOADICEA" IN VANGA CREEK  
THE BLOCKADE OF THE EAST AFRICAN COAST  
FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER



THE "LARGO BAY" AS SHE APPEARED IN COWES ROADS, WITH HER BOWS TORN AWAY BY THE FORCE OF THE COLLISION  
THE COLLISION OFF BEACHY HEAD BETWEEN THE "LARGO BAY" AND THE "GLENCOE"



1. Five Minutes before the Collision

2. Five Minutes after the Collision : the steam tug *Red Rose* picking up the Survivors

THE COLLISION OFF THE DUNGENESS LIGHT BETWEEN THE "NEREID" AND THE "KILLOCHAN"  
FROM A DESCRIPTION BY SURVIVORS





THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN IN PANTOMIMES  
A REHEARSAL—THE APOTHEOSIS

P. R. 87



They have carefully analysed a large number of samples of grain from England, India, Russia, and other countries, chiefly in order to ascertain the percentages of nitrogenous substances, or albumenoids and starch. European wheat is said to contain an average of 13.9 per cent. of the former, while Indian grain only contains 12.66 per cent. More generally, it is found that the highest proportion of albumenoids and gluten occurs in grain which has been rapidly matured, in which the respective percentages would be 13.17 and 18.08. When ripening does not take place within 130 days, the amount of albumenoids is reduced to 12.47, and the gluten only forms to the extent of 9.22 per cent. Seed merchants have for some time past been striving after rapidly-ripening varieties of wheat, and their efforts would appear to have a value hitherto unsuspected.

SMALL GRAIN is always characterised by a high percentage of gluten, while a large grain sample will be especially rich in starch. It thus appears that a rapid and matured crop of compact, small grain will be decidedly more nutritious than one which is ripened late. Moreover, the greater the proportion of gluten in the flour, the more bulky will be the dough, so that flour from quickly-ripened corn ought to make lighter pastry. For baking purposes the presence of a considerable quantity of starch is important, however, so that there will be some compensation where the year or the sort of wheat grown is such that the crop ripens slowly or the grain runs large.

THE WINDSOR SHOW is already exciting a good deal of attention, and the agricultural papers display a decided inclination to begin writing about it several months in advance. There is a curious reprint in *Bell's Weekly Messenger* which gives the proceedings at the establishment of the Society fifty years ago. The Duke of Richmond and Earl Spencer were the chief spokesmen of the promoters, who were opposed by farmers like Mr. Bell and Mr. Allnatt, and also by "the Central Society," and by "Mr. Eagle, the barrister." The exact objections do not transpire, but the farmers of Berkshire appear to have detected Free Trade tendencies in the rule "politics are not allowed." That the R.A.S.E. would become a society of landowners rather than of farmers is a prophecy which has, we fear, not wholly failed of fulfilment, but it is certainly no fault of landowners if societies restricted to tenant farmers have never proved a success. The Jubilee meeting at Windsor will not want for funds, over 7,000 having already been subscribed; or for land, over 120 acres having already been allotted by Her Majesty in an appropriate position in the Great Park.

AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT is having effect given to its clauses by the enterprise of the *Times* newspaper, which has long been Clerk of the Weather by the space it affords, and it has now become Clerk of the Markets by its special tables given last Tuesday morning of the sales by weight made at the Islington Meat Market. The publication of these figures should do much to extend the provisions of recent legislation. Farmers must not expect much money-profit from the test of the scales, as already sellers and buyers know fairly well what an animal is worth; but the scales do form an aid to correct, or confirm eye-judgment, and their use is a step in advance to serve equally between buyer and seller. Readers interested in this subject should refer to the article written, and tables given on the subject in Tuesday's *Times*.

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA, Revenue and Agricultural Department, Calcutta, January 11th, 1889, give the supposed normal wheat area of each province below:—Punjab, 6,765,000 acres; North-Western Provinces and Oudh, 5,081,500; Central Provinces, 3,967,000; Bombay (including Baroda), 2,871,000; Berar, 855,000; Bengal (Behar), 1,267,516; Rajputana, 1,500,000; Central India, 2,500,000; Hyderabad, 1,016,743; Mysore, 17,000; Kashmir, 500,000; making a total of 26,340,759 acres. At this date the prospects of the season in Northern India were becoming seriously affected by the holding off of the winter rains. An abnormally early fall took place at the end of November, more than a month before the usual date, and although this rain did temporary good, its beneficial effects will be more than cancelled by the absence of the usual fall in January, unless a fresh downpour should occur.



### III.

"MAJOR BARTTELOT'S CAMP ON THE ARUHWIMI" opens *Blackwood*, and, assisted by the chart of the river, and plan of the camp attached, one may arrive at a tolerably clear perception of the state of things existing on the upper reaches of Stanley's river. After reading this article, it is impossible not to be drawn to the conclusion that poor Barttelot was slain with the connivance, perhaps by the orders, of Tipoo Tib. At any rate the paper is instructive, and is well worth reading.—Mr. Robert K. Douglas deals with "Titus Oates;" while Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant will, of course, attract with her "Laurence Oliphant." Of "Scientific Religion" she says: "The believers whom, by these mystic ways, he has led to a deeper comprehension of the mystery of being, have gained an elevation of thought which makes them, if not indifferent to mortal vicissitudes, at least much more strongly convinced of the final restitution of all things than the ordinary orthodox . . . and this is a proof of the highest kind that something divine must be in his work." She mentions, further, a striking episode in his last days. Two mornings before his death, he called his wife and said:—"Darling, if I were to live now, I should be quite different from what I have been. Christ took me in His arms last night and pressed me tight, and cleansed me from all my sins, and all is pure now, and all is joy."—We may commend to anxious politicians Mr. George Brooks' "Why I Became a Liberal Unionist."

Though *Atalanta* has now settled down into regular young-matronhood as a magazine, it has put off none of its initial attractiveness. We need say no more for the serials than that Mr. W. E. Norris is responsible for one, and Mrs. L. B. Walford for another.—An excellent illustrated biographical essay, "Lady Augusta Stanley," is by the author of "The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family." The periodical opens with a bright, whimsical, poetical conceit, "The Cricket Fiddler," a recitation for young violinists by Miss C. D. Bates, with music by Mr. Julius Lichberg to be played after each verse.

A new illustrated journal, published by Messrs. Macdonald and Co., makes its appearance this month—*Art and Literature*. It is well printed on thick, substantial, paper. The frontispiece is a very fine engraving, from a photograph by Waléry, of "Sir Frederick Leighton," whose address at the National Art Congress, at Liverpool, appears as an opening paper.—A good mezzotint of Rembrandt's "Night-Watch" is given.

The frontispiece of the *English Illustrated* is an engraving by O. Lacour from Moroni's "Portrait of a Lawyer" in the National Gallery. An interesting illustrated paper is Mr. W. W. Fenn's "Moated Houses," which treats of Ilver Castle, Helmingham Hall, and so on.—Usefully didactic is Mr. Barton Baker on "Cognac," who tells us that those who drink pure brandy nowadays have to pay very dear for the article.

Another new magazine venture is *La Reforme*, edited by the Rev. G. Pascal, M.A., Pastor of the London French Mission. It will contain every month articles on various subjects connected with science, art, philosophy, and religious criticism. It is suggested with some *naïveté* that its perusal will assist beginners in acquiring a knowledge of French.

*Time* contains an instalment of a serial by Mr. F. C. Phillips, "Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship."—This month Mr. W. P. Frith writes on "Modern Art and Public Taste" in his "Work and Workers' Series;" while Mr. Oscar Browning discusses "The Religion of Dante."

We have received the first number of the new series of *Piccadilly*. It is printed in large clear type, with broad margins, and has a taking cover, with a frontispiece by Mr. Linley Sambourne. "Society and the Shop" is for last week a brightly treated interview with Mrs. Franklin (Madame Vara), at 24, Lower Belgrave Street.

An English edition of *Belford's Magazine*, which has hitherto been published at New York, San Francisco, and Chicago, appears now for the first time in this country. It is fresh and lively in manner, as may be judged from the observation about a Mr. Gage that he spoke "with the lonesome titter that illustrated all of his acidulous jokes."

The *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, among much that is readable, has a capital travel paper anent "New Guinea—Some Unscientific Notes," by Lieut. W. O. Story, profusely supplied with woodcuts of the island bush and life in it.

We have also received *All the Year Round*, *Baily's Magazine of Sports and Pastimes*, the *Scottish Review*, the *Scottish Art Review*, the *Gentleman's*, and the *Argosy*.

## THE VILLAGE SHOP

WHAT Rip Van Winkle of a commercial gentleman is it who caters for the wonderful shelves of that little backwater of commerce, the hamlet's rustic store? No dashing shay or dogcart brings the silver-tongued and much-luggaged representative of great firms to the cobble-stones of this little porchway; no Lyons silk ripples on "calling days" in seductive folds from counter to floor-cloth here, nor do any rival weavers vex the judgment of this retailer with the latest things in brocades and webs from capitals of fashion and frivolity. Everything concerning the village shop is quaint and curious, from its infinitely varied stock-in-trade, to the inscrutable odour which hangs about the doorway and those mysterious recesses from whence the presiding genius can produce at need her host of marvellous incongruities.

To keep such a shop, and to keep it well, demands a certain knowledge of human nature, and a sympathy with all the fancies and frailties to which flesh is heir, from the bulls'-eyes of ruddy adolescence to the embrocations of rheumatic old age. Such a trader—for whom we have the greatest admiration and respect—is often the only representative of commerce for several long miles round of rough country roads, and therefore a comprehensiveness not looked for in busier places is essential to her usefulness. Many a time have we spelt out the simple tale of rural life emblemized in the motley display before us while gazing through the one window of such a little establishment, or beguiled those intervals of rummage—inevitable to an unusual purchase—in mentally inventorying its contents. Well may the modest place contend with demure confidence that no one need go empty away, though the most open-hearted of assessors would scarcely care to deny that a ten-pound note would amply cover its resources.

From the earliest dawn of desire our trader is always ready with something suited to the shallow village purse. For the red-cheeked children who pause religiously on their way to or from school to note any novelty or displacement of the well-known objects, there are strange and wonderful toys, wherein we see production at cheapest and Art at lowest ebb. Luckily the appreciation of the young folk is not critical—a vermilion daniel on a carmine pond does not jar upon their orthodoxy, a pink spaniel with blue spots and yellow eyes, which, by some strange inadvertence of manufacture, quacks when the board he stands upon is pressed, is as good an object of ambition with them as a trumpet or a fistful of brightly-coloured marbles. Here, too, are bright money-boxes on which village thrift can spell out sapient reflections regarding the art of frugality and the wonders it may lead to, and refresh its virtuous proclivities occasionally by jingling the imprisoned halfpence in this shining depository. There are kites to be had at the moderate price of a penny each; sweets which would surely shock any but the stoutest palate, brandy-balls, liquorice, hardbake, and every other variety of twisted, gilt, and highly-coloured sugar which can besmudge the innocent mouths of hungry lads and lasses. Here the girls, when they are old enough to notice what a matter of interest they are to the boys who have been growing up with them, may buy coloured ribbons that were new no doubt six years ago, and hair-pins and glittering ear-rings of green and red stones from off cards, which declare with unblushing effrontery that the gems are good and the gold is real. They may invest in little pasteboard tokens of fair-will, and transmit to distant ones who lie far beyond the ken of the weekly carrier, beyond the seas perhaps, the abundant kindness of unsophisticated hearts, none the less sterling because the vehicle of its carriage is uncouth and strange. There are lethal weapons for the young men in the shape of slings and catapults, brass wire, at which the squire's gamekeeper, as he saunters down the High Street, glances, and knows the purpose too well, and more legitimately stout pocket-knives and climbing-irons, and cheap, but substantial bats of English willow—stout defenders of the village wicket upon the green when the day's work is done.

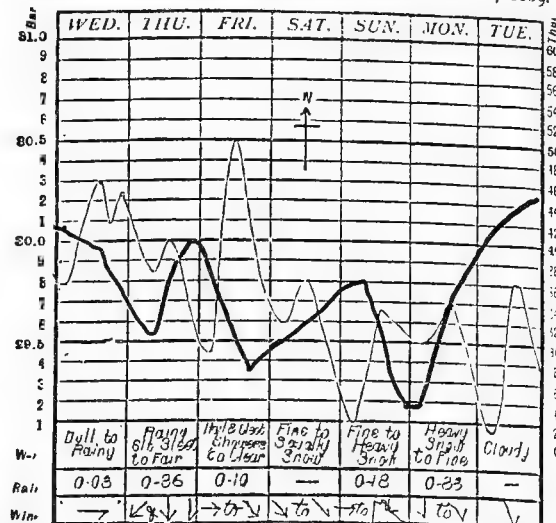
But sober and substantial goods pass across this white counter as well. It is here the thrifty cottage-mother comes occasionally to change the small silver and bronze that are a part of her good man's earnings into necessities of life for that ravenous and all too-numerous brood which are at once the soreness and the light of her existence. Would that her principles of economics were sounder, that she might perceive it is cheaper to spend a frugal shilling over the Saturday counter than to claim the tempting credit, and burden herself with the debt of her owings, as well as their interest. It is difficult enough in any way to make both ends meet—a fine, sad science, in which she is perforce a proficient—but it is wonderful how much there is in pennyworths of everything when there are nothing but pennies to spend! As long as the good man can get work on field or glebe it is well enough, but too often just now jobs are few and far between, and then the quicker credit runs out the faster seem claims to come in. This is "the winter of their discontent," and many an honest Hodge of a morning in these hard times takes in a hole or two of that broad leathern belt of his in lieu of breakfast, and turns away from the hungry diligence of his little ones at those empty porridge-bowls, to seek once more the hardest of work for the least of pay. Whether he gets it or no, the village shop will generally stand his friend to the very furthest stretch of good trading.

The cynosure of youth, the gossips' tryst, the matron's never failing source of meat and drink, this little store, loaded from floor to ceiling with strange and various stuffs, is a factor of country life, a humble epitome of social economy, which neither deserves oblivion, nor the supercilious derision of proud sojourners amongst the marts of busy cities.

E. L. A.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (12th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the greater part of this week the weather has been very rough and unsettled generally, with heavy falls of snow towards its close in many parts of the country, and passing showers in nearly all places. These disturbed conditions have been due to the advance of depressions from the Atlantic to our Western and Northern Coasts, whence they have travelled in a South-Easterly or East-South-Easterly course to the Continent. Thus, while during the early part of Wednesday last (6th inst.) pressure was lowest over Scandinavia, and highest in the South-West of our area, a deep depression had, by 6 p.m. advanced to our North-West Coasts, and travelling rapidly in a South-Easterly direction, reached the Netherlands by the following morning. Under the influence of this system the fresh North-Westerly breezes which prevailed over our Islands drew more into the North, and increased to gale force in the South-West, with dull, squally, rainy weather in most places. By the morning of Friday (8th inst.), the depression over the Continent had apparently filled up, and while the highest pressures were still lying over France, a new and more important disturbance had reached the neighbourhood of the Shetlands from the North-West, and subsequently travelled away in a South-Easterly direction to the Continent. During the progress of this system across the North Sea heavy Westerly gales were experienced in the South, and violent Northerly gales in the North and West, accompanied by heavy snow over Scotland, and cold rain, hail, or sleet in most other localities. Thunder was heard in London during the afternoon. In the course of Saturday (9th inst.) the gales moderated slowly, and the sky cleared in nearly all places, albeit temperature remained decidedly low. During Sunday (10th inst.) a fresh system of low pressure, having a double minimum, advanced from the West of Ireland in an East-South-Easterly course across the country to France and Germany, and while Westerly breezes, strong to a gale, were felt over the Southern half of the United Kingdom, fresh Easterly winds were experienced in the North. The sky had again become overcast, and as the day advanced a very general, and, in most places, a heavy fall of snow was experienced. As these disturbances moved away Eastwards the barometer rose over the North-West of our Islands, and the wind drew into the North again, and lulled steadily, while at the close of the week, Tuesday (12th inst.) a very general increase in the mercury had taken place, with very cold weather in all places, and passing snow showers in several parts of the country. The highest temperatures have slightly exceeded 50° more than once in the South-West, while the lowest, which occurred on Tuesday (12th inst.) over the South-East of England showed 14° or more of frost.

The barometer was highest (30.24 inches) on Tuesday (12th inst.); lowest 29.18 inches on Monday (11th inst.); range 1.06 inch.

The temperature was highest (50°) on Friday (8th inst.); lowest (21°) on Tuesday (12th inst.); range 29°.

Rain or snow fell on five days. Total amount 1.00 inch. Greatest fall on one day 0.36 inch on Thursday (7th inst.).

A HILL OF IRON is said to have been found in Upper Burma by a member of the Government Geological Survey. The hill, which is some 200 feet high, covers about a square mile of ground, and appears to be a mass of hematite—peroxide of iron—one of the most precious iron ores. As coal abounds in the province, this is a valuable find, increasing the mineral resources of Burma.

THE LATEST IDEA FOR FASHIONABLE TRANSATLANTIC dinners is to arrange the tables in the form of a triangle, the centre being filled up by an artificial lake. Lilies and ferns float on the water, and the shores of the lake are simulated by a bank of roses imbedded in ferns, with pink fairy lamps twinkling at intervals. At the end of dinner the gentlemen are presented with a smoking-set, but though pipe, matchbox, and tiny tobacco pouch appear to be real they are actually made of candy. A mandoline orchestra, concealed behind the plants, should play throughout the repast.

THE PROFUSION OF ORCHIDS AT THE CAPE are beginning to suffer from the ravages of collectors, and the Cape Government will probably be obliged to place orchid-gathering under definite restrictions. A botanist who has thoroughly studied the Cape flora estimates that he has found at least 102 species round Cape Town alone, all growing on the ground, and not on trees, as most kinds do in tropical regions. The orchid district stretches from Cape Town to the end of the peninsula, a tract about forty miles long and from three to eleven miles wide. In a herbarium at Geneva there may still be seen an orchid gathered on the Cape peninsula in 1695.

THE NEW HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN in the Marylebone Road has, for sixteen years, afforded to poor women and children the option of obtaining medical advice from qualified women. The beds are always full, and there is a very large out-patient department. The Hospital is the only place in which young medical women, before going to India—where, as we remark elsewhere, they are so greatly needed—can hold posts on the Staff in order to gain experience and self-reliance. The lease of the houses occupied by the Hospital has expired, and the Committee have been obliged to decide upon building. A site has been bought in Euston Road, and the cost of it and the building will be 20,000l. Of this sum nearly 11,000l. has been raised, and the Committee urgently appeal for further donations, which may be sent to the Secretary, 222, Marylebone Road, or to Mrs. E. Garrett-Anderson, 4, Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square.

HOUSES FOR WORKING GIRLS.—The foundation-stone of a new building for the Girls' Evening Home at Bankhall, Waterloo, near Liverpool, was laid on Saturday last by Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Cookson, through whose instrumentality the site has been purchased. The Mayor of Liverpool (Mr. Cookson's brother), the Bishop of the Diocese, and other influential persons were present. The Home at present in operation is in temporary premises. It is entirely unsectarian in character, and is open each evening from 7.0 till 9.30. The time is spent in singing, sewing, and cooking, and many girls have been enabled to find good situations through the medium of the institution. The new building will contain a spacious social room, furnished with a bar for cocoa and light refreshments, three class-rooms, a kitchen where cooking will be taught, four bath-rooms, and a wash-house and laundry for instruction in washing and ironing. On the first floor there will be a large hall for entertainments, musical drill, and other purposes. So much less in this way is done for girls than boys, that we hope generous persons will be found in other towns willing to follow Mr. and Mrs. Cookson's munificent example.



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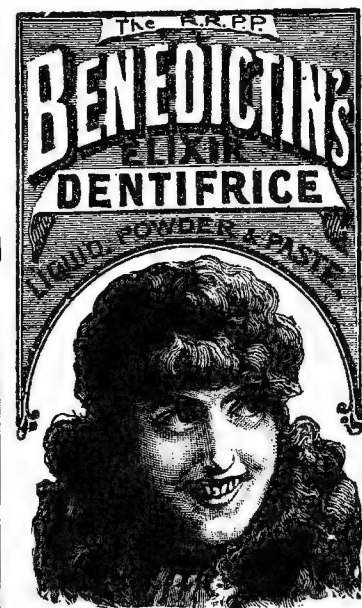
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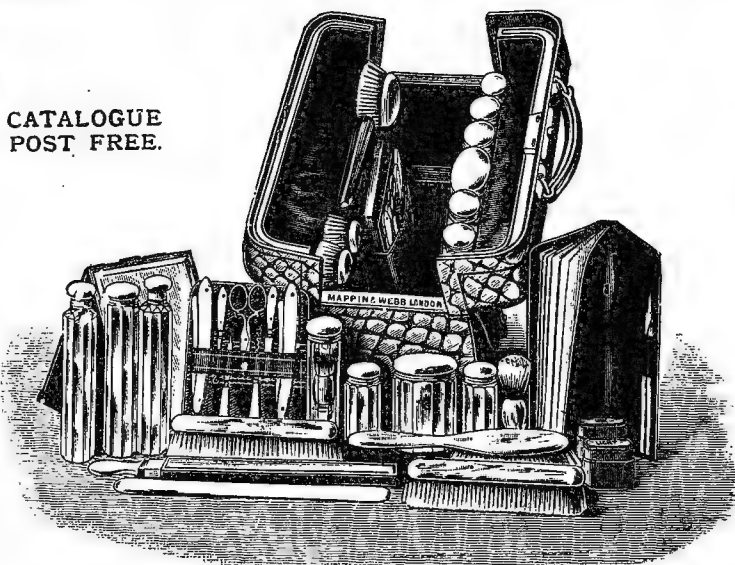
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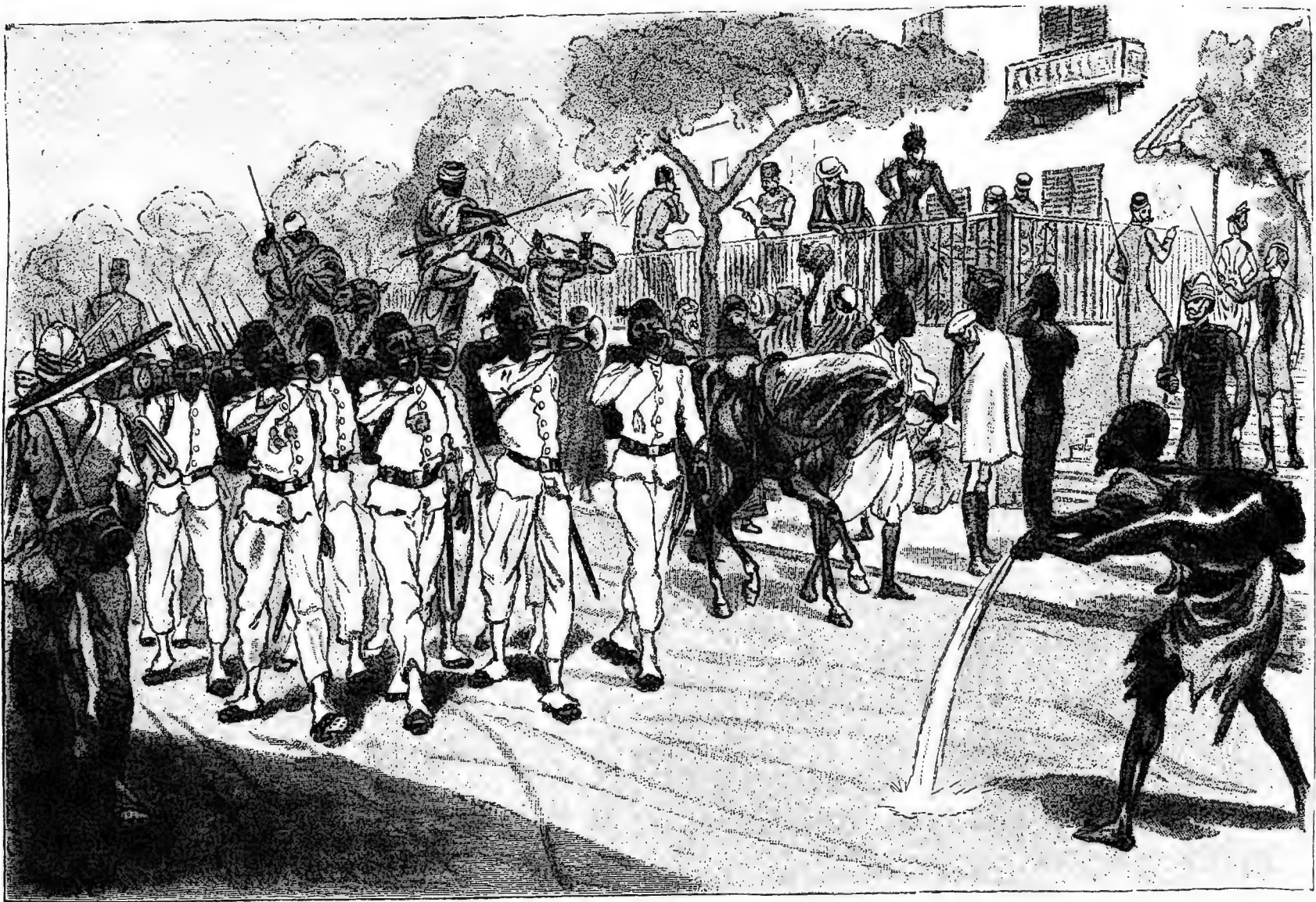
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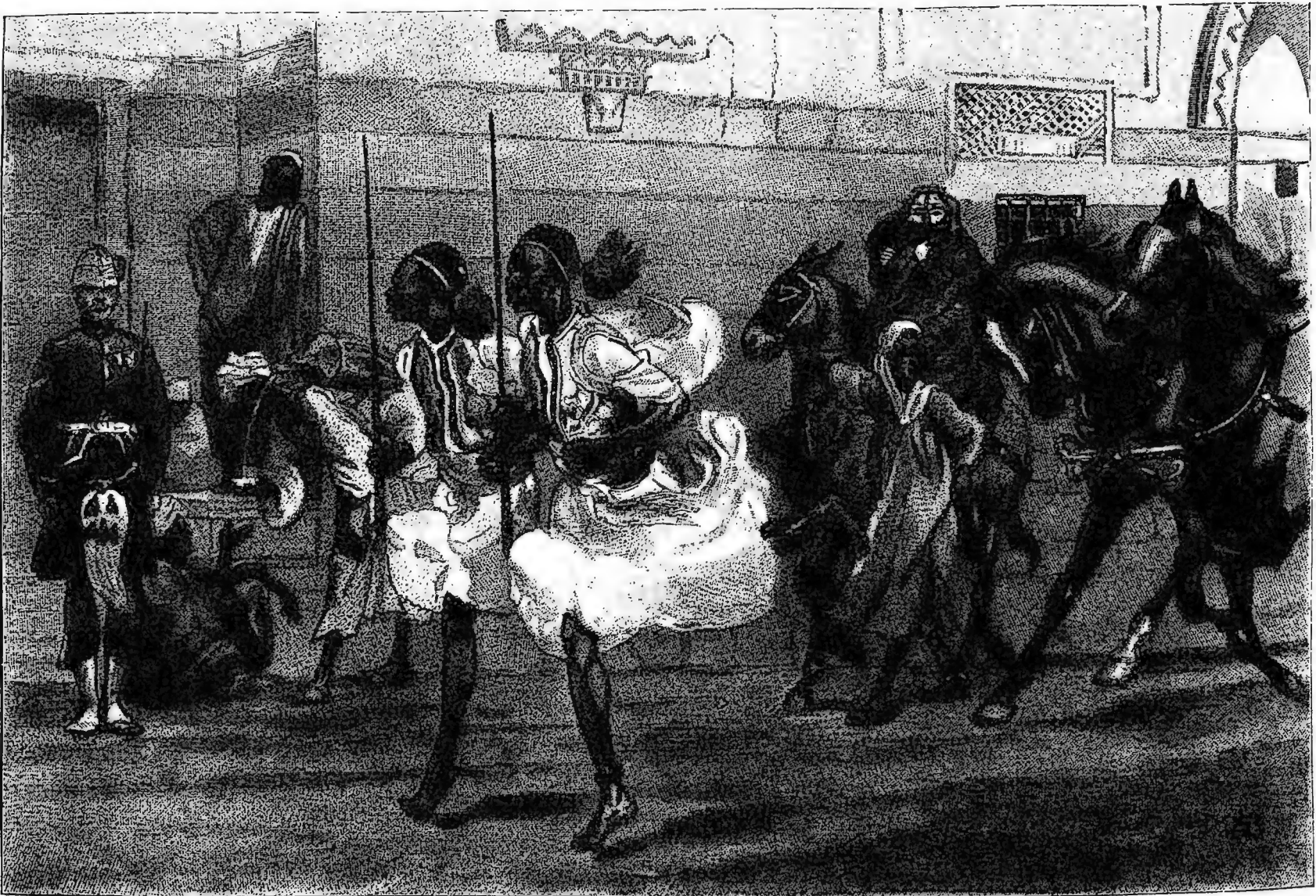
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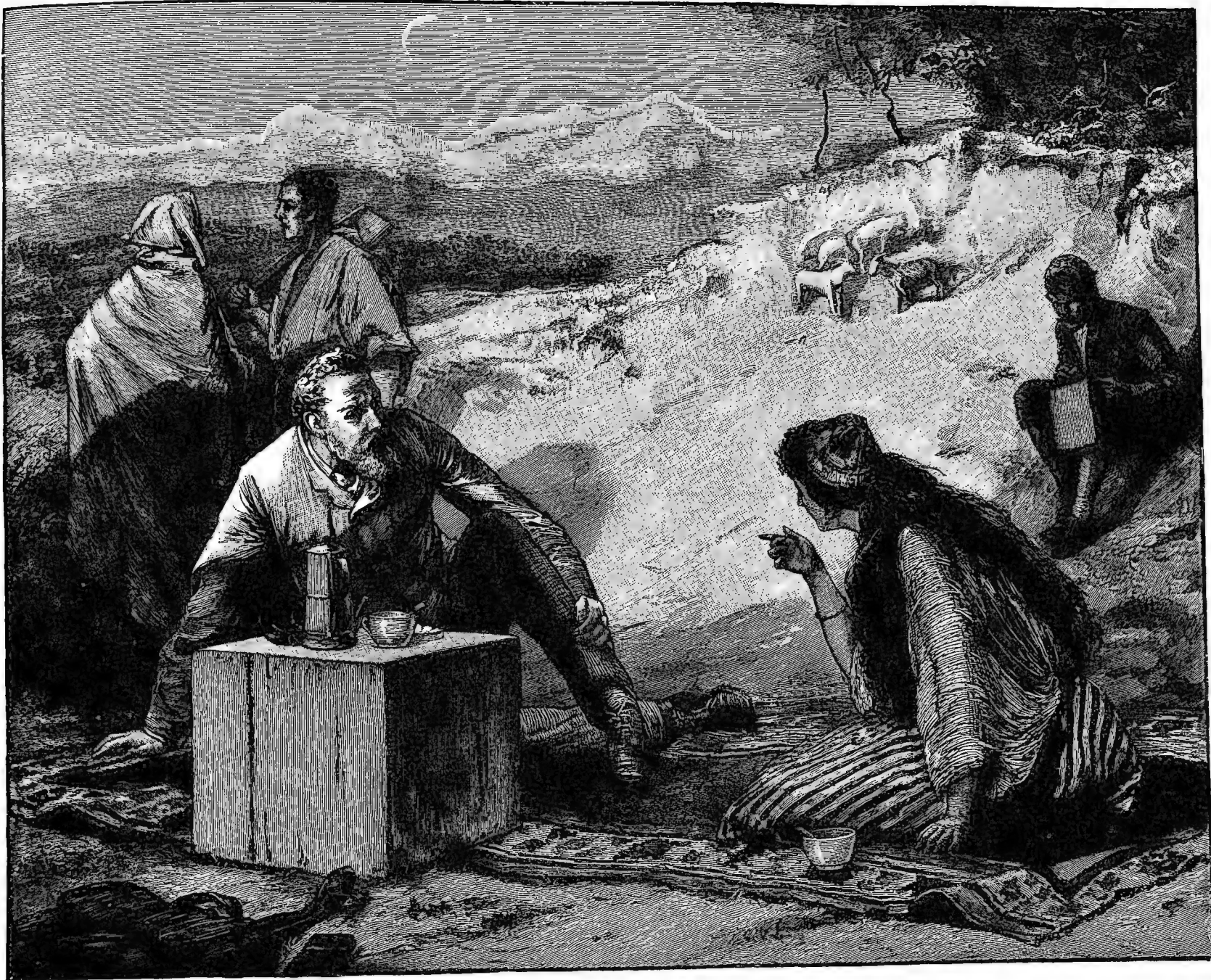
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DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTNALL, R.W.S.

It was evening, and Le Marchant lay outside the tent, taking his lesson in Kabyle on an outstretched rug from his pretty teacher.

## "THE TENTS OF SHEM"

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &C.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### IRIS STRIKES

"UNCLE," Iris said, when she talked it over with the old barrister in the dining-room next morning, "after all that happened last night, do you know, I'm not perhaps quite so anxious as I was to share Uncle Arthur's fortune with Harold."

"God bless the girl!" Uncle Tom cried, in mock horror. "What on earth does she mean now? You were both equally related to Sir Arthur by birth, weren't you, and, as Aristotle says, equality is justice."

Iris blushed slightly. It was too cruel of him thus to bring up her own words in judgment against her. "But he behaved so disgracefully, so abominably, last night," she said, apologetically. "He doesn't deserve it."

"It's a great comfort to me to see," Uncle Tom responded, with a cheerful blink, "that going to Gorton and coming out Third Classic still leaves a girl essentially a woman at heart for all that. No woman that ever lived, whether she'd read Aristotle or not, cares or ever cared one farthing yet about abstract justice. What women care about is the satisfaction of their own personal emotions and feelings. I'm glad to see, my dear, that in this respect you're no better than the rest. 'He ought by rights to have half this property, of course,' you say in effect, 'but as I see he's a sneak and a mean-spirited cur, I don't think I'll bother about giving him his fair share of it.' Very womanly and very right. That, I take it, my child, is about the long and the short of your argument."

Iris laughed. "Perhaps so," she replied. "But anyhow, Uncle Tom, after what he did and said last night, I find my desire to do him strict justice has considerably abated."

So, Aristotle to the contrary notwithstanding, Uncle Tom was permitted vicariously to prove Sir Arthur's will in due course—Iris herself being named sole executrix—and to take all necessary steps for her succession to the landed property. As soon as all the legal arrangements were finally completed, Iris once more had a great consultation to make with her guardian, guide, philosopher, and friend. She had given up the hospital nurse fad, of course, for the present, as inconsistent with her existing position as a great heiress; but she had another mine due to an acute attack of that most undesirable and inconvenient mental disease, conscience.

"Now I want to know, Uncle Tom," the heiress and Third Classic said, persuasively, cornering him at bay in an easy chair in Mrs. Knyvett's little drawing-room at Kensington (for they had not yet taken possession of the projected mansion in Lowndes Square),

"is there any truth, or is there not, in that story of Harold's about Uncle Clarence's supposed disappearance?"

The distinguished Q.C. shuffled awkwardly in his seat. For the first time in his life he began faintly to realise the feelings of an unwilling witness under his own searching cross-examination. "A cock-and-bull story!" he said at last, evasively. "Just said to frighten you. If I were you, Iris, I'd think no more about it."

"But is there any truth in it, uncle?" Iris persisted, with quiet emphasis, as the distinguished Q.C. himself would have done in the same case, if only he had got his own double safely lodged in front of him in that amateur witness-box.

"Bless my soul!" Uncle Tom replied, stroking her hair gently to create a diversion, "what a persistent cross-examiner the girl is, to be sure. If I tell you no, you'll not believe me; and if I tell you yes, you'll want to go running over Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, not to speak of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, in search of Clarence Knyvett, his heirs, or executors."

"Then there is some truth in it," Iris went on, with one hand laid persuasively on her uncle's arm.

"As much truth as a man like your cousin Harold can speak, I suppose," the old man answered, with a gasp, as who should at last resolve to have an aching tooth drawn, for he felt sure she must get it all out of him now. "The fact is, my dear, your Uncle Clarence's death, like Jeames De la Pluche's birth, is 'wrop in mystery.' He left England under a cloud. He was a gay young soldier, always getting into scrapes, and always spending more than he'd got, and skulking in disgrace, and compounding with his creditors. It's supposed, though I don't know anything about it for certain, that he forged, or tried to forge, your grandfather's name to sundry acceptances. It's further supposed that this came at last to your grandfather's knowledge, and that your grandfather, being, like Moses, an austere man, threatened to expose the whole business. So Clarence, it is believed, like the great Orion, went sloping slowly to the West. Anyhow, one fine morning the news got wind that your uncle was missing; and from that day to this he has been consistently missed, and never turned up again."

"But what was that about his enlisting in the French army?" Iris asked, with a caress, as the old man paused.

"Well, nothing was known about that, my dear, during your Uncle Alexander's life," Uncle Tom went on, like a man from whom evidence is extorted by rack and thumb-screw; "we thought, indeed, he'd gone to America. But as soon as Sir Arthur inherited the property it became necessary to find proof of Clarence's death, whether Clarence was dead or living; so Sir Arthur, tracking him gradually from France, went over to Algiers in the end to find it.

It was through that, in fact, that he settled down first at Sidi Aia. Well, this was the result of Sir Arthur's investigation." And here Uncle Tom refreshed his memory by a pull at his note-book. "He found that Clarence, on leaving England, had enlisted in the Third Chasseurs at Toulon, under the assumed name of—what was it? let me see. Ah, yes! Joseph Leboutillier; that he had been sent over to Algeria to join his regiment; that he took part for some time in operations in the interior; and that during the partial insurrection of 1863 he was employed in a column sent to reduce the mountaineers of some outlandish place they call Grande Kabylie. A certain battle took place in this remote quarter against the insurgents on the 20th of June in that year, and after it, Mr. Joseph Leboutillier was reported missing. His name was struck off the roll of the regiment, and though his body happened to be never identified, the French authorities were perfectly convinced that he died in the skirmish, and was lost on the field—an accident which, as Beau Brummel said about a rent, may happen to any gentleman any day. Our own Courts admitted the papers Sir Arthur produced as proof of death, and were satisfied of the identity of Joseph Leboutillier with Clarence Knyvett. In short, the question's really as good as settled; a judge *in camera* has decided *pro forma* that Clarence Knyvett died on the 20th of June, 1863; so die he did, then, legally and officially, and there's nothing more to be said about it."

Iris smiled. "I wish, uncle dear," she said, good-humouredly, "I could share your supreme faith in the absolute wisdom and abstract justice of the law of England. But John Stuart Mill says—'Oh, dear me! I forgot'—for Uncle Tom was stopping up his ears already, lest they should be profaned by fresh assaults of that dangerous and detestable political economy:—"To return to the question now before the House, what did Harold mean? or did he mean anything, by saying that many soldiers of Uncle Clarence's regiment didn't believe he was really dead, but thought he'd sneaked off and hidden himself somewhere among the natives?"

Uncle Tom started. "God bless my soul!" he exclaimed, with a gesture of horror. "So this is what comes then of sending girls to Cambridge. Who says women have no legal instincts? Why, the girl ought to have gone to the Old Bailey Bar! With the acumen of a judge—if judges have any, which I very much doubt—she puts her finger plump down at once on the one weak point of the entire contention. Remarkable; re-markable! Well, the fact's this; an ancient French military in retreat—that's just how he signed himself—anonymously, practically—once wrote a letter to Sir Arthur at Sidi Aia (shortly after your Uncle Alexander's decease), telling him he didn't believe this man Leboutillier was dead at all; but that he'd run away, and gone off absurdly on his own account to join the



natives. The ancient French military in retreat didn't give his name, of course, so we couldn't cross-examine him; but your uncle sent me a copy of the letter from Aix-les-Bains, and also another to your cousin Harold. The ancient French soldier, in this precious communication, declared he had been a chasseur with Mr. Joseph Leboutillier, and known him well; that Joseph Leboutillier was an eccentric person, holding exaggerated notions about justice to the *indigènes*; that he specially objected to this particular war, waged against some people called Kabyles, if I recollect aright, who inhabit the trackless mountains of the interior; that he often expressed the deepest regret at being employed to crush out the liberty and independence of 'these unfortunate people'; and that he almost refused on one occasion to obey his superior officer, when that gentleman ordered him to join in burning down the huts and villages of the insurgent tribesmen.

"Very like a Knyvett," Iris murmured, parenthetically. "Very. The Knyvetts were always Quixotic," Uncle Tom continued, with a faintly compassionate inflexion in his forensic voice. "But, at any rate, the ancient French military in retreat was firmly convinced that Joseph Leboutillier had deserted in the battle, to avoid bearing arms against the Kabyles any longer; and he said that many other ancient militaries of the same regiment entirely agreed with him in this supposition."

"And then?" "Why, then, Sir Arthur sent up a French detective, who understood Arabic, into the mountains to make full inquiries, just to satisfy his conscience; for though he was a selfish, pig-headed old man, Sir Arthur, and as cross as two sticks, he, too, had a conscience, like all the Knyvetts—bar that singular exception, your Uncle Charles, with his son Harold. Your father and you, to be sure, inherited the family conscience in its most virulent form; but it was strongly enough developed even in poor old Sir Arthur. That's why he left his fortune to you, my dear, instead of to Harold; he thought it was his duty, and duty to a Knyvett is a perfect will-o'-the-wisp, leading you all into every Utopian quagmire you happen to come across—though, in this case, of course, he was perfectly right in obeying its dictates."

"And what did Sir Arthur find out at last?" Iris asked, gently, stroking her uncle's hand with her own, as if to deprecate his wrath at her possession of anything so inconvenient as a sense of right towards others.

"Most fortunately, my child, he found out exactly nothing. The natives fought shy of his detective to a man, and energetically disclaimed knowledge of any sort about Joseph Leboutillier. They'd never even heard the name, they swore. So Sir Arthur came back empty-handed from his quest, and enjoyed his property in peace and quietness. Quite right, too. People ought never to pay any attention at all to anonymous letters. Particularly not in matters affecting the Probate and Divorce Division."

Iris was silent for a minute or two more. Then she said, slowly, much terrified lest she should rouse the dormant lion of Uncle Tom's wrath, "Sir Arthur may have been satisfied with that, Uncle Tom, but I'm not. I suppose, as you say, I've got the family conscience in an aggravated form; but, whatever it says, I must obey it. I must find out exactly what became of Uncle Clarence."

The distinguished Q.C. flared up like petroleum. "You're a fool if you do, my dear," he answered, losing his temper.

"But, children, you should never let your angry passions rise," Iris quoted, gently. "That shows you think there's still some chance Uncle Clarence is really alive, or has children living. In Jevons's 'Inductive Logic' I remember,—but Uncle Tom's ears, stopped tight with either thumb, turned once more as deaf as the adder's. He listened not to Iris's Girtonian charms, charmed she never so learnedly, that stony-hearted barrister.

"I might be using somebody else's money, you see," his niece went on quietly, as soon as Uncle Tom gave signs of having recovered the free use of his auditory nerve, "and that, you must admit, would be sheer robbery."

Uncle Tom had too much respect for the law of England not to allow, with obvious regret, the justice of that last patent truism.

"Well, what do you propose to do?" he responded sulkily.

"For the present, advertise in the English, French, and Algerian papers," Iris answered, with calm persistence, "for any information as to the whereabouts or death of Clarence Knyvett or Joseph Leboutillier."

"And raise up for yourself a score or so of imitation Tichborne claimants," Uncle Tom cried, with concentrated scorn in his voice.

"What is a Tichborne Claimant?" Iris asked, in all innocence, imagining the animal to be some peculiar species of legal technicality—a *nolle prosequi*, for example, or an *oyer and terminer*. The shadowy forms of John Doe and Richard Roe floated lambent on the air before her vague mental vision.

"Bless the child," Uncle Tom exclaimed, fervently raising his hands to heaven. "What happy innocence! What golden ignorance! You may thank your stars you don't even know the creature by name. Why, when I was young, my dear, some twenty years ago or so, we all of us wasted three good twelvemonths of our lives with feverish anxiety in following the fortunes and final exposure of a wretched impostor, a claimant to the Tichborne estates in Hampshire, who was inflicted upon a long-suffering world solely as a result of injudicious advertising in Colonial papers by an ill-advised woman. And you're young enough and lucky enough never even to have heard of him! If you weren't, he'd have taught you a severe lesson. Well, so much for the present, you say—so far, bad; and how about the future?"

"In the second place," Iris went on, firmly, "as soon as ever the weather's cool enough to allow it, I'll go over to Algeria, and hunt up all I can find out about Uncle Clarence on the spot, in person."

"Well that's not so bad," the eminent Q.C. responded, mollified, "for it'll enable you, at any rate, to take possession yourself of the house and belongings at Sidi Aia."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### FOLLOWING UP THE CLUE

It was evening, and Le Marchant lay outside the tent, in the shade of the old gnarled olive-tree that overhung the tomb, taking his lesson in Kabyle on an outstretched rug from his pretty teacher, Meriem. He had made considerable progress in the language by this time, having a natural taste for picking up strange tongues, as often happens with people of bilingual origin, and Le Marchant, as a Jersey man, had been born bilingual, if the expression may pass muster in this age of heredities. The painter, like Pliable, had turned back disheartened at that first Slough of Despond, the irregular verbs, and given up the vain attempt in despair; he sat idly by now, drawing lazy sketches in his pocket-book of Meriem in her didactic attitude, with her forefinger uplifted, and her pupil before her. Hard by, two young Kabyles, just returned from their fields, stood gossiping opposite them, with hoes in their hands. One was Ahmed, Meriem's future purchaser; the other was a taller and better-robed young man of more displeasing aspect, whom they had often seen before hanging about the village.

Suddenly, as Meriem was in the very act of saying, "Now, Eustace, remember, *asfi*—a dress," and Le Marchant was obediently repeating the word after her in due form, one of the young men, for no apparent reason, raised his voice loudly, and, rushing forward with a yell flew like a dog in blind rage and wrath at the throat of the other. Before they could clearly see what was happening, the

second flung him off, but with some little difficulty. In a moment, the tussle had assumed a savage form; they were fighting tooth and nail in one confused mass, and Ahmed's knife, drawn like lightning from its scabbard, gleamed bright in the air, just ready to descend on the bare breast of his taller antagonist. With a sharp cry on the bare breast of his taller antagonist. With a sharp cry Meriem and Le Marchant sprang forward together with one accord, and separated the two combatants by main force, after a short, sharp struggle. The whole thing was over in a second or two at most, and the two angry men stood glaring at one another across five yards of distance, like bull-dogs whose masters hold them apart forcibly by the collar. A few angry words, a few hasty explanations, a deprecating speech from poor trembling Meriem, whose face was scarlet with shame or excitement, and forthwith, Ahmed's knife was quietly sheathed once more, and the men, smiling now with all their even white teeth in perfect good humour, embraced like brothers, as if nothing at all had happened between them. That is the way with these simple children of Nature. One moment they'll stick a knife into you without the slightest compunction; the next, for no reason a European can fathom, they'll give up their very hearts to please you.

"What was it all about?" Blake asked, with interest, as Meriem returned, flushed and panting, to the rug.

"It was about *me*, Vernon," Meriem answered, unabashed, with perfect simplicity. "This is how it happened. Ahmed wanted to marry me, you know, and had bargained with my uncle, and got a price named for me; but now, the other man, Hussein, has offered my uncle a little more, and so the Amine has made a new arrangement, and I'm to be sold to Hussein, who's offered the best price, and is so much the richer."

She said it as she would have said the day was fine. It was matter of course to her that she should be thus passively and unresistingly disposed of.

"Do you like him?" Blake asked. "Or, at least, do you dislike him any less than Ahmed?"

Meriem raised her stately head with proud unconcern. "What does it matter to me?" she answered, haughtily. "I like none of them either better nor worse than another. They're only Kabyles."

"You don't care for Kabyles, then?" Blake went on, with culpable carelessness.

"Not since I've seen Englishmen," Meriem replied, with the same perfectly pellucid sincerity as ever. It was to her a simple statement of mental experience. She had no idea of flirting, in the English sense. Her feelings were so. She must marry, naturally, whoever purchased her.

When she was gone away that evening, and they sat alone in the tent, Le Marchant turned round after a long pause, and said earnestly to Blake, "It comes home to me more and more every day I stop here that we ought to hunt up something about this poor girl's English relations."

"Why so?" the painter answered. "You think she oughtn't to be allowed to marry Ahmed or Hussein?"

"Certainly not. It's terrible to me even to contemplate such a thing as possible. She must never marry anybody but a European, her natural equal."

"Then why don't you marry her, yourself, my dear fellow? You seem to be awfully gone on her, always."

Le Marchant hesitated. "Because," he said, at last, in a very serious tone, "she wouldn't take me."

"Not take you! Just you ask her! What an absurd idea! Why, my dear fellow, she'd take Ahmed or Hussein, or any other man her uncle chose for her. Not take you, indeed! Not take an Englishman! Why, she'd just jump at you."

"I think not," Le Marchant answered, much more earnestly. "She might take Ahmed or Hussein, as you say, no doubt, because she couldn't help herself; but not me, of that I'm certain."

"And why not, Le Marchant?" "Because, my dear fellow, if you ask me the plain truth, her heart's already otherwise engaged—and to a man who doesn't really care twopenny about her."

There was a long pause; then Blake remarked again, withdrawing his cigarette in a pensive way, "Do you really mean to tell me, Le Marchant, you'd marry that girl—that barbarian—that savage, if you thought she'd take you?"

"It's a terrible thing to think of her being made over, bound hand and foot, to Ahmed or Hussein," the naturalist answered, evasively. "They'd treat her no better than they treat their donkeys."

"And to prevent that, you'd throw yourself away upon her, a mere Kabyle girl! You, with all your cleverness and knowledge and education! A man like you, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—why, the thing's ridiculous! Le Marchant, I haven't half your brains or your learning, I know; I'm nothing but a landscape painter, the least among the wielders of camel's hair, but sooner than tie myself for life to such a creature as that, I'd blow my brains out, such as they are, and be done with it for ever. To toy with, to flirt with, to amuse one for a day—very well, if you will; but to marry—impossible. Never, never, never."

"Tastes differ," Le Marchant answered, drily; "especially in these matters. Some people insist upon accomplishments and high-heeled boots; others care rather for marked character and native energy. You may judge men largely by what they admire. Strong natures like strong natures; and, given strength, they despise externals. Other minds think more of mere culture, perhaps; it's not the diamond they admire, but its cutting. Diamonds in the rough are to them mere pebbles. For my part, it's the stone itself that takes my fancy. You don't care for her; I don't ask you to care for her; but don't break her heart any more than's absolutely necessary. For I see she can't help falling in love with you."

Next morning, when Meriem came round to the tent, as was her daily wont, with the milk from the cows she tended herself for the two young Englishmen, Le Marchant met her with a sadder and more anxious face than usual. "Meriem," he said, "I want to speak to you seriously about your own future. Whatever comes, you must never marry either Ahmed or Hussein."

"Does Vernon say not?" Meriem asked, all fluttering.

"No," Le Marchant answered, crushing down her poor heart at once of deliberate purpose, for he knew no possible good would come to her of that painful illusion. "I say so myself, because I take a friendly interest—a very friendly interest—in your life and happiness. Meriem, I want to look up your English friends. If I found them out, would you care to go and live in England?"

"Not alone," Meriem answered, with a promptitude which clearly showed she had already asked herself that leading question. "When Yusuf used to take me on his knee, and tell me about England long ago, I always thought I should like to go there, if only he could go with me. And since I've seen you and Vernon, Eustace, and heard all about it, I've often fancied I should like to go there if only—if only I had any one to take care of me and take me there. But it's so far across the sea, and the people over yonder are all infidels—not that I'm quite so afraid of infidels now, either, since I've seen so much more of you and Vernon."

"Why wouldn't your father take you there, Meriem?" Meriem opened her large, brown eyes very wide with astonishment.

"They would have put him in prison, of course," she said, with decision. "It was for fear of that that he ran away, and became a Kabyle. None of the infidels seemed to like him. The French

would have shot him, and the English would have imprisoned him. I think there must have been feuds between the tribes in England, and that his tribe must have been angry with him, and cast him off, for he told me his family would have nothing to say to him. But I like the English very much for those three things: that Yusuf was English, and that the English were kinder to my father than the French, and that—that you and Vernon are Englishmen, Eustace."

Le Marchant looked at her with profound pity. He couldn't bear to think this strong and guileless nature should be cast away as a beast of burden for some wretched Kabyle like Ahmed or Hussein. "Is there nobody, Meriem," he said, at last, "who can tell me anything more about your father?"

Meriem reflected for a moment in silence. Then she answered somewhat doubtfully, "If anybody could tell you, it's the Père Baba."

"And who's the Père Baba?" Le Marchant went on, eagerly.

"He's a priest, a Christian, a missionary, they call him, down at St. Cloud, in the valley there. St. Cloud, you know, is where the colonists are. It's a wicked place, all full of Frenchmen. Yusuf would never go down to the village, for fear the people who live there should learn his French name, and then they'd have shot him. But the Père Baba and the Père Paternoster used sometimes to come up to see Yusuf, and my father was fond of the Père Paternoster, and told him many things. Our people were angry at this often, and used to say to him, 'Yusuf, you're a Christian still at heart, and you confess to the priest and say prayers with him;' but Yusuf always answered, 'No, not so bad as that; I only see the Père Paternoster as a friend, and on matters of business.' And once, before the Père Paternoster was dead, my father fastened this charm round my neck, and told me the Père Paternoster had given it to him, and to be very careful that I never lost it."

"What's in it? May I see?" Le Marchant went on, laying hold of it, eagerly. But Meriem drew back and started almost as if she'd been shot.

"Oh, no," she cried, "not that, not that! Anything but that! Why, I wouldn't let even Vernon open it."

"And what makes you like Vernon so much better than me?" Le Marchant asked, half hurt by her innocent frankness.

Meriem made no attempt to parry the charge. "Who knows?" she answered, with both graceful arms and hands spread open before her. "Who can tell what makes one's heart go so? Who can give any reason for all these things? . . . He paints, and he talks, and he's beautiful, and I like him. . . . I like you, too, Eustace; oh, ever so much; I never liked anybody else so much before, except Yusuf; but I like Vernon differently; quite, quite, differently. . . . You know how I mean. You must have felt it yourself. . . . But I can't stop now. I must go on with my milk. The other people in the village will be waiting for their *cous-cous*. Don't be angry, like the Kabyles, because I like Vernon best. This evening again, we shall learn Kabyle together."

(To be continued)



"FRANCIS BACON" (Fisher Unwin), by an American, Mr. B. G. Lovejoy, has a special object. "Bacon is having his revival in America;" his Essays are a text-book at Colleges and High Schools. So far, so good; but the most popular American life of Bacon is a bit of hero-worship, "every comment seeming a compromise with, or apology for, the individual and official corruption against which the American mind is beginning to revolt." Mr. Lovejoy, therefore, sets forth Bacon as "the great type of official bribe-takers," and hopes, by showing the ugliness of his conduct, to shame American judges into a correctness which rumour says they have not always maintained. Not that there is any *animus* in his book. He writes remarkably well, is fair to both sides, and when (as in the cases of Essex, and Yelverton, and Thomas Sutton's Charterhouse foundation) he sums up against Bacon, he convicts him out of his own mouth. To the Essays, annexed to this "critical review of Bacon's life and character," he has added a very few extracts from the other writings. There are some misprints, especially in the Latin. These must be corrected in a new edition of what we hope may be a handbook for both continents.

Mr. W. Paul's name has so long been connected with "The Rose Garden" (Kent and Co.) that no wonder his admirable book has reached the ninth edition. The twenty coloured plates are creditable alike to the artists, Messrs. W. H. Fitch, Worthington Smith, &c., and to the chromo-lithographer, Mr. Severeys. The history, poetry, botany, entomology of the rose, are all adequately treated; and the chapters on rose culture, and on celebrated rosaries at home and abroad, are full of valuable hints. We wish Mr. Paul had protested against multiplying varieties. Surely "sports" might be left to quietly revert to the original type.

To his very valuable and comprehensive book on "The Practice of Forestry" (Blackwood), including a section on pruning, Mr. Michie, of Cullen, adds a list of celebrated planters, quaintly limited to those whose Christian name is John! When, even in New Zealand they have to think of re-afforesting, it is time for men like Mr. Michie to come to the front.

Mr. J. Sinclair, M.P., has aimed, in his "Church on the Sea" (Simpkin and Marshall), at providing a complete religious service, including sermons, such as a ship's captain can use. That it might be non-sectarian, he has gone to "clergymen of eight branches of the Church of Christ;" and "because many seamen and passengers are familiar with, and attached to, the Church Service," he has sandwiched the Morning Prayers and the Forms of Prayer for the Sea into the middle of his volumes. Nearly all his fifty-two sermons are by Scotch divines.

In the second volume of his "History of Portugal" (Sampson Low), Mr. M'Murdo shows the same exhaustive minuteness which marked the beginning of his work, and also a clumsiness of style which betrays the Portuguese translator of archives, unaided by the English editor. The present volume, devoting over 530 pp. to 200 years, ends with the conquest of Azilla, followed by the abandonment of Tangiers to the Portuguese, and the death of the patron of geographical discovery, Prince Henry. There is so much to interest the reader in the history of a little State most of whose Kings were men of exceptional ability, that it is a pity Mr. M'Murdo has not displayed his materials in a more attractive form.

Mr. Bass Mullinger's "University of Cambridge" (Longmans) forms, like Mr. Brodrick's companion-volume on Oxford, one of the "Epochs of Church History," though it was not until some two centuries ago that the Universities had "dwindled from recognised training-schools for the professions and homes for all branches of learning to little more than seminaries for the Church, and had also been converted from munificent endowments for the poor into something like a monopoly of the wealthier classes." A connection with the Church, however, was in the case of Cambridge, at least, established much earlier. Mr. Mullinger says the Reformation had its real beginning there. There Puritanism was first organised; and there the Cambridge Platonists made their important contributions to the cause of toleration. This little book shows in every chapter the thoroughness which might be expected from one who has made



the subject his special study. The chapter on "Cambridge in Relation to National Education" proves that the University has once more got in touch with the nation—is, in Mr. Mullinger's words, "comprehensive in its range, and Catholic in its sympathies."

As President of the Downton Agricultural College and Professor in the Normal School of Science, &c., Mr. Wrightson is an authority on "The Principles of Agricultural Practice" (Chapman and Hall). He treats of every subject from the geology of agriculture to the superiority of farm-yard over artificial manures. He glances at the history of farming, and points out how to make the best of clay, *i.e.*, corn-lands, under the present depression. This volume is only introductory to one "which will open up the true lines on which the principles of the whole art should be taught."

In these times, when "What to do with our sons—and daughters," is such a hard problem, every one will turn to Mr. J. Bradshaw's remarks on "Who Should and Should Not Emigrate." He adds little to what has often been said before. Clerks are no use, and "upper servants" are better at home, military men seldom make good colonists, and failures at home are more often than not failures in the new land. But Mr. Bradshaw speaks as one who knows: he has found by experience that "the average cadet is a nuisance rather than a help," and he can add, also as one who knows, that the "New Zealand of To-day" (Sampson Low) offers greater advantages to the immigrant than she has done for several years. Her trade with Australia is rapidly extending, and altogether she bids fair to conquer her financial difficulties. Mr. Bradshaw takes us from one end of the island to the other, and touches on everything—from the eruption of 1886, and the destructive landslide of forty years earlier, to the shortcomings of the State schools. By exposing some of Mr. Froude's manifold errors (the most dangerous is that which assumes the sour Waikato clays to be rich because they grow fern) he justifies the Australian adjective "Frouclacious." It is sad to think that the native mortality has been largely due to the hasty adoption of European dress, and to the introduction of measles and other diseases.

Mr. Payton's "Round about New Zealand" (Chapman and Hall) may be read with advantage along with Mr. Bradshaw's book. Mr. Payton does not (like Mr. Bradshaw) discuss Sir Julius Vogel, likening his playing with New Zealand finance to the way a cat treats a mouse, but, *en revanche*, he gives us twenty illustrations—some of the Maoris and their habits (poor things; they become loafers, and build their pahs beside unhealthy marshes instead of on hill-tops), others of the scenery, which is so beautiful that New Zealand cannot fail to become a favourite touring-ground. It is because the globe-trotter has already taken it in hand that Mr. Payton—who was there for three years—has republished, along with other matter, the very readable papers that first appeared in the *Field*. Mr. Payton is justly indignant at the election-dodge by which the Chinese are kept out of a country where, for more than one reason, they are much wanted.

Means for estimating aright a brilliant but all-too-brief career are afforded us by the Rev. Robert Sinkler, B.D., Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, who writes "Memorials of the Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer, M.A., late Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, and Missionary to the Mohammedans of Southern Africa" (George Bell and Sons). Keith-Falconer's career at Cambridge was a distinguished one. Student, athlete, photographer, he took a foremost position among experts in three different lines; in all three his excellence was avowed and undoubted. It is to be remembered that he was the foremost bicyclist of his time. In February, 1885, he seems to have made up his mind to devote himself to missionary work in Arabia, and here at Shaik Orhman in May last year he died. The biographer allows his subject to show what manner of man he was by giving copious extracts from his letters. They reveal a simple, lofty character, single-minded purpose, and manifest gifts of intellect. Among the more notable incidents described in the volume is an interview between Keith-Falconer and a Mahomedan hajjee. He offered a copy of St. John to the hajjee, who said he would not have it. Keith-Falconer asked why, and the reply was that he liked the historical part, but that there were parts which made him tremble. He pointed to the fourth chapter, where there was the conversation between Christ and the woman at the well, to whom Christ said, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, 'Give me to drink,' thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water." "That verse," he said, "makes my heart tremble, lest I may be made to follow in the way of the Messiah." Only thirty-one years of age when he died, this remarkable young man's career must be judged in the light of the sad fact of his early decease.

We have before us, adapted from the French of Professor Aug. Kerckhoffs by Mr. I. Henry Harrison, a second edition of "A Complete Course of Volapük, with Grammar, Exercises, and Two Vocabularies of about 5,000 Words" (Librairie Hachette). Though this "international commercial language" first saw the light seven years ago, there are now existing nearly two hundred clubs for the propagation of Volapük. We are sorry that all this enthusiasm is not devoted to the spreading of something more beautiful than this artificial speech. One specimen of it is as fair to look upon as another. Here is Volapük for "He says that he is the first of his class."—"Sagom das binom—la balid klada omik." It is a justifiable conjecture that, if the builders of Babel spoke Volapük, the confusion of tongues must have come as a not altogether unwelcome change. We should imagine French and English much easier to learn than this hotch-potch, and likely to be infinitely more serviceable, as it will be a long time before Volapük is spoken by as many folk as now speak either Dutch, Danish, or Portuguese. At any rate, its ugliness ought to prove its death-warrant, as its absurdity has failed to kill it.

Politicians and publicists will be grateful to Mr. J. H. de Ricci for bringing into compact and handy form the main facts connected with the questions involved in what are known as "The Fisheries Dispute and the Annexation of Canada" (Sampson Low). A great want of information exists on these subjects in this country which this work should supply.

"Thirty Thousand Years of the Earth's Past History: Read by the Aid of the Discovery of the Second Rotation of the Earth" (Chapman and Hall), is by Major-General A. W. Drayson, F.R.A.S. The author complains that his theory has not met with the respectful consideration it deserves from scientific authorities of the day. His book is almost too abstruse for the general reader, perhaps, because the writer allows his indignation with his gainers to master his power of lucid statement. We must, therefore, leave it to the "authorities" to decide as to the value of his simplification of astronomy.

Mr. Croston's "History of the County Palatine and Duchy of Lancaster" (Heywood, Manchester and London) has, in Part XXV., reached the parish of Ashton-under-Lyne. We notice that this is on the heading of p. 333 printed *Byrne*; and on p. 322 the motto on the old bell (alas, melted down when the new peal was given) was surely *Hi surgunt illi jacent (not sacent) mea movente lingua*.

The sad story of "Bishop Patteson" (Partridge) was never better told than by Mr. Jesse Page. Sadder still that the Bishop's death should not have put an end to the foul traffic that caused it. If that striking book "Blackbirding" tells truth, the kidnapping still goes on; indeed news has quite lately come of reprisals, as usual cruelly punished. Did Patteson die in vain? Mr. Page's story will reawaken interest in a tale that ought never to be out of mind.

Mr. F. R. Fleet's "Analysis of Wit and Humour" (Allen) has

deservedly reached a new edition. We have not space to deal adequately with a book whose author has a firm hold on his fascinating subject. True to his title, Mr. Fleet is carefully analytical, hunting out the humour, for instance, in Dr. Parr's exchanging for the nearest hand his usual illegibility when he announced a visit or gave a commission. But this does not hinder him from telling good stories. What can be richer than Robert Hall's eulogium: "He's so good a man that, were there not otherwise room for him in heaven, God would turn out an archangel to let him in," unless, indeed, it is Frederick II.'s remark that "Had Jehovah seen the kingdom of Naples, he never would have selected Palestine for the inheritance of His chosen people." Equally good in its way is that retort in the Irish Parliament on one who cried: "I'm the guardian of my own honour," "I had always understood the gentleman was an enemy to sinecures."

Mr. C. Phillips-Wolley's "Sportsman's Eden" (Bentley) is a very lively book, which, beginning with Mrs. Wolley's letter to "Dear Lena," and ending with her account of British Columbia ("where there are no big entertainments, no very rich people, no rivalry between the squire and the plutocrat, the parson and the squire") as a place to settle in, describes what sporting is like in the Hope Mountains, where sheep and goats, as well as moose, make up the game. Prettily got up, Mr. Davenport Adams's "Byways in Book-Land" (Elliot Stock) is a very pleasant book for an odd ten minutes. It is full of old friends, not unmixd with many that, to us, are new. Thus, in "Stings for the Stingy," the Greek epigram on a mouse in a miser's chamber:—

Good landlord, have no fear,  
'Tis not for board, but lodging I came here,  
stands close to Richard Graves's lines on the inhospitable owner of a great house:

If we may judge by rooms so neat,  
It costs you more in mops than meat.

Interesting are the variants on *As You Like It*, from Charles Johnson's *Love in a Forest*, acted in 1723, to George Sand's "Comme il vous plaira, tirée de Shakespeare, et arrangée." It is well, too, to be reminded that there have been other "Single-speech Hamiltons" in poetry, besides the Rev. Charles Wolfe. But we must not pull out any more of Mr. Adams's plums; readers should get the book for themselves.

For writing "The Life of John Bunyan" (Walter Scott, "Great Writers" Series), Canon Venables has the all-important gift of sympathy with his subject. At the same time he never dreams of giving in to the cheap abuse of those who put Bunyan in prison. It was the law, and they simply carried it out. In other respects the "Life" is a very good one; though we wish there had been something more about the mediæval (and Dutch) analogues of the Great Allegory, Bunyan's knowledge of which was probably limited to what he would get from their being "in the air."

From the Librairie Hachette we have received the following French classics, intelligently edited and tastefully bound:—Montesquieu's "De La Grandeur des Romains et de leur Décadence," edited by M. Paul E. Barbier; Hector Malot's "Capi et Sa Troupe, Episode de 'Sans Famille,'" edited by Mr. Francis Tarver, M.A.; A. Dumas' "Un Drame de la Mer," edited by the Rev. A. C. Clapin, M.A., who also edits A. De Lamartine's "La Bataille de Trafalgar;" and Emile Zola's "L'Attaque du Moulin," edited by Mr. F. Julien. We have also received Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden's "Mendelssohn" (W. H. Allen) and Mr. A. Grover's "My First French Phrase Book, Part I." (Relfe Brothers).

## MUSICAL CONDUCTORS

MUSICAL CONDUCTORS, like the rest of the world, may be divided into two classes—those who take it easy, and those who do not; in other words, those who sit down to their work, and those who stand up to it. The former class is not subject to so much fatigue, and so can hold out longer, which is of great importance, especially when music of the high and dry classical school has to be played; but the latter has a decided superiority in broad effects. The stand-up conductor is practically a highly-trained gymnast, and is a most entertaining exhibition, well worth even a deaf man's money. He may start at "tention," but he does not long keep there. His left arm soon gets irritable, and begins to require exercise of a pugilistic nature; while the stretch of his *bâton* keeps on widening and widening till he seems to be slicing his orchestra to mince-meat. This, however, is only preliminary. Under the influence of the music, he begins to rise and fall as though riding a mettled charger, and at last, in the more excitable cases, comes to genuine saltatory exercise. These effects work powerfully for good upon an audience. A *crescendo* is much more telling when the conductor rises a foot in the air with it, and a passage is much more forcible when he emphasises it with a Highland schottische. In this way the stand-up conductor has a great deal to do with making music popular among the people, and so should be more highly honoured than his sit-down brother.

The conductor has more to do with his audience besides exciting their musical enthusiasm. Audiences sometimes require delicate management, and the perfect conductor is just the man for them. Here, say, is the first night of the pantomime, and the house is choke full directly the doors are opened. The performance begins in half-an-hour, but is the British public going to sit quiet for half-an-hour? It soon begins to stamp, to call for favourite actors and actresses, and to raise three cheers for popular political personages. It grows more and more excited, and almost threatens a riot. The "situation" can only now be saved by the musical conductor. He first hurries his men into the orchestra. There is great cheering at the sight of them, and, when they begin selecting their music as if their lives depended upon it, there is a hush of expectation. Then when the noise begins to grow again he quietly signals to the big drum to give a bang or two. The effect of a drum-bang on the British public is marvellous. It seems to tranquillise the public's nerves at once. After the effect of the drum-banging has worn off, he sets his violins tuning, and after that he puts the trombone through its paces, and so ekes out the time till the proper hour for the overture comes. The conductor is the more alert in this matter because he knows that in case of a row he will bear the first brunt of the shower of oranges and gallery seats. Again, if there is an unexpected wait between the acts, or a breakdown in a scene, the clever conductor always has a popular waltz or comic tune ready for the emergency, or something with a cornet solo, which is an infallible remedy for the turbulent.

The conductor's influence over encores is so patent that laymen may be excused if they notice it. There are a great many grades in encores, rising from the single hand-clap or umbrella-thump to a salvo of artillery all along the line, and in all cases, but the latter, he can take it or leave it, as he likes. Most encores, indeed, are but poor ricketty children when born, and would soon die of natural chill but for the kind nurse they find in the conductor. Miss Matilda Martin, say, has chirruped her best, and the row of people at the back, who came in with her complimentary tickets, applaud her to the echo; and one bald old gentleman in the front, who knocks his stick on the ground at every item, does the same for Miss Martin; and there are, besides, some faint murmurs and shufflings dotted over the plain: but that is all. At such a crisis, the lady's fate, as far as an encore is concerned, is entirely in the conductor's hands. If he sits still, gazing up at the roof, without moving a limb, the lady, who stands, meanwhile, in fear and trembling, had better retire at once; but if he has decided in her favour, behold his generalship! He takes an eager survey of his

band, first on one side and then on the other, and goes through the Indian club exercise with his arms. The sight of these preparations puts renewed vigour into the back row, and to the old gentleman's stick, and induces a large section of the audience to follow the lead. He then fires a sharp volley on his stand, which increases the applause, and finally nods distinctly to Miss Matilda, who, now radiant, steps forward again, and "graciously yielded to an universal demand for a repetition of her song," as the local paper says next day. The conductor's cleverness in this matter is greatly to be admired. Even a solitary "hand" is sufficient for him to raise an encore upon, if he feels disposed; while, if he prefers, he may be deaf to the tumult of a whole audience, quench the singer with a look, and hurry on to the next *morceau*. No wonder, therefore, that rising singers abase themselves before him.

The conductor's *alter ego*, his *bâton*, cannot be passed over. This instrument is a wonderful betrayer of emotion, almost as much so as a dog's tail; you can nearly tell from its varying movements whether the wielder has made a good dinner, and is satisfied with himself, or whether the *res angusta domi* has intruded upon the sphere of harmony, and there is the cloud of a washing-day, or a second demand-note for taxes, between him and his score. Then how significant are his gestures to individual members of his band! At one time he is kindly and encouraging, lifting with his stick a lame violin over a peculiarly awkward stile in the score; at another he is minatory, coming down with a whack in the direction of a tardy oboe or bassoon, and intimating that unless he hurries up there will be something unpleasant said on Saturday night; while at another he is sarcastic, cuttingly giving a fast young flute to understand that he was born a little before his time, and might with advantage keep back with the rest of the world. By means of his *bâton* he imparts enthusiasm to his little army, even on the dampest and foggiest of evenings, waving it with bold and defiant strokes, in an "Up Guards, and at 'em" style, which none but a bassoon with a liver attack could resist. By it also he can express respect and admiration for the singer before him, or, on the other hand, can show him a most chilling contempt.

Finally a word must be said of the conductor's bow. There is no other public bow exactly like it. You never see a conductor stand bowing like a singer, an actor, or an orator; when he makes a bow, there is a passing beam in the eye, a passing smile, a passing bend, and all is over. There is one second's giving way to human weakness for flattery and applause, and an instant resumption of stern duty: the conductor represses the man, and reminds himself of his obligations by a couple of stern raps on the music stand.

R. T. G.



"SHAMROCK AND ROSE," by Mrs. J. Calbraith Lunn (3 vols.: T. Fisher Unwin), may, of course, have been in manuscript before the world had heard of "Robert Elsmere;" but, at any rate on the surface, it seems to belong to the "Robert Elsmere" brood. And doubtless the astounding success of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel will have to be accountable for an increasing number of excellent married couples who are divided by incompatibility of theology. There are symptoms that this kind of fiction is elbowing even the Divorce Court novel out of fashion; and, though this is a good thing, still we doubt if the new method of representing the failure-side of marriage be not almost more morbid, and quite as conducive to mental and moral muddle. In the present case, the situation is aggravated by differences of race, the Roman Catholic wife being the heiress of a long line of Irish kings, and the Positivist husband being an English country gentleman. Seemingly, the reader's sympathies are intended to be divided, with a bias towards the wife, Eithne—the pronunciation of whose name, by the way, might have been given in a foot-note, for the benefit of those who like to have their ears satisfied as well as their eyes. To us, however, Eithne Tempest, *née* O'Meath, appears to be simply a tiresome mass of self-absorption, whose only mission is to make everybody about her as wretched and uncomfortable as possible, to whom it never occurs to bestow upon her husband or anybody else a scrap of the sympathy for which she so morbidly craves. No difference either of race or of faith is required to account for the failure of so good a fellow as Sterne Tempest to satisfy his wife's vagaries; and if Mrs. Lunn intends to typify the union of the two islands, England is much to be pitied. Another ill-omened match is arranged at the close of her novel between a hero-worshipping English girl and a most dreadful Irish bore, thus threatening another romance of disillusion. We trust not, however; for "Shamrock and Rose" is quite long enough, and heavy enough, for three.

In "Sir John's Ward; or, The Heiress of Gladdiswoode: a Quiet Chronicle of Country Life," by Jane H. Jamieson (1 vol.: Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.), the matrimonial origin of all the trouble is reversed, the husband being a convert to Rome, and the wife a staunch Protestant. The husband, dying, leaves a will of which the Statute of Mortmain would have made very short work indeed. Fiction, however, is ruled by laws of its own, and had it not been for their hope of gaining possession of landed estates, the priests would not have made the Protestant mother of the heroine pass off her little girl as the child of an equally Protestant washer-woman. Of course the machinations of Rome are finally baffled, and the heroine, true to the faith of her mother's laundress, emerges into the enjoyment of her estate and of a marriage which, being untroubled by differences of creed, promises happiness. Jane H. Jamieson is a very thorough-going partisan indeed—so much so that one of the characters who appears to express her sentiments declares that it is impossible for a Catholic priest not to be personally ugly. Apart from its controversial character the novel can scarcely be called interesting—it is too painfully minute, without displaying any of the subtlety or brightness of touch which gives value to trifles. Of course its intense seriousness may be regarded as either a fault or a merit, according to the taste of the reader.

It is not theology which stands in the way of matrimonial felicity in "Reuben Sachs," by Amy Levy (1 vol.: Macmillan and Co.), seeing that, though the heroine is a Jewess, and the hero by birth a Gentile, the latter had become a Jew by conviction. The misfortune was that the lady had given her heart to Reuben Sachs, who had preferred her to everything except—such are the possibilities of human eccentricity—a seat in the House of Commons. However, not an atom of harm comes of the situation. The so-called story is really a lively and satirical sketch of Jewish society in the very decidedly lower middle-class, the portraiture being quite as ill-natured as it is clever. With all its cleverness, however, it is decidedly inferior, from every point of view, to its author's "Romance of a Shop," in which we recently found so many signs of promise. The promise may yet be fulfilled; but Amy Levy must not mistake an exceedingly common sense of the ridiculous for humour, or think that everything which amuses her is worth recording. Nor is vulgarity worth describing for its own sake, especially when it has the appearance of being tainted with a personal flavouring. She would assuredly have done her especial talents more justice had she aimed a great deal higher.

"Restitution," by Anne Beale (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is not without that religious touch which has so suddenly become popular; but this is not essential to its story, which is of a curiously

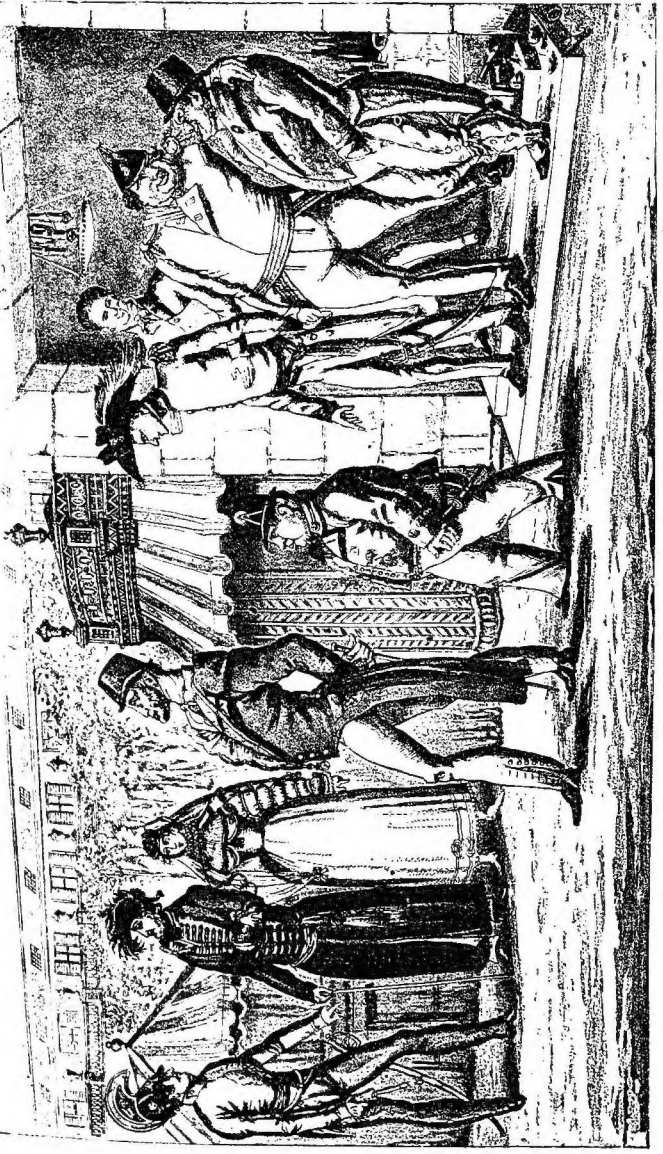




"MANDOLINATA"

FROM THE PICTURE BY EDWARD PATRY, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY





THE OCCUPATION OF PARIS, 1814—ENGLISH VISITORS IN THE PALAIS ROYAL

"Thousands of oddly dressed English flocked to Paris immediately after the war. I remember that the burden of one of the popular songs of the day was 'All the World's in Paris'; and our countrymen and women, having been so long excluded from French modes, had adopted fashions of their own, quite as romantic, but which were much less graceful. The ladies wore dresses of various colours, and the skirt in long straight pelisses of various colours; the body of the dress was never the same colour as the skirt, and the bonnet was of the bee-hive shape, and very small."



TWO POLITE NATIONS—ENGLISH vs FRENCH, 1814

"How strange humanity would look in our day in the costume of the First Empire. The ladies wore very scanty and short skirts, which left them little or no waist; their bonnets were of exaggerated height, and protruded at least a foot from their faces, and they generally carried a fan. The men wore blue or black coats, which were baggily made, and reached down to their ankles; their hats were enormously large, and spread out at the top. Many of the better qualities of the French are not discoverable by the English; but I think that no traveller any more than the sterling qualities of the Englishman are appreciated by the foreigner who makes a brief sojourn in Great Britain."



PARISIAN SOCIETY, CHAUSSEE D'ANTIN, 1826

"One of the most agreeable salons in Paris was held by the late Madame Emile de Girardin, the Mrs. Norton of France. You were sure to meet in her salon all the celebrities of the day, whether fashionable, literary, or political—Lamartine, Balzac, Dumas, Frederic Soule, Emile Souvestre, Théophile Gautier, with the Dukes and Counts of the Faubourg St. Germain, Orleanist, Deputies, and the handsome English women who used to gladden Parisian eyes and win Parisian hearts."



JOHN BULL AND HIS FAMILY AT AN ICE CAFÉ—THE OCCUPATION

"At the commencement of the present century, Tortoni, the centre of pleasure, gallantry, and entertainment, was opened in the Rue de la Harpe, Paris. It was a small, but very comfortable, and very popular, establishment. It was the only place where the English could find a comfortable and agreeable place to sit down. The celebrated café was by name Veloni, an Italian, whose father lived with Napoleon from the time he invaded Italy when First Consul down to his fall. Young Veloni brought with him his friend Tortoni, an industrious and intelligent man. Veloni died of an affection of the lungs shortly after the café was opened, and left the business to Tortoni, who, by dint of care, economy, and perseverance made his café renowned all over Europe."



old-fashioned sort, in which one expects to find a miser and a band of gypsies. Except for the final conversion of everybody, miser, gypsies, and all, the plot, to say the least of it, is wanting in coherence and in motive. But among its old-fashioned peculiarities are the old-fashioned merits of simplicity and straightforwardness, and, while nothing in the novel is worth telling, still there are many better stories worse told.

It is a pity that the idea of "Amos Kilbright; His Adscititious Experiences," by Frank R. Stockton (1 vol.: T. Fisher Unwin), occurred to one of Mr. Howells' bakers' dozen of American humourists, because it was a good one, and now it is irremediably spoiled. It attempts to tell the story of a materialised spirit whom some spiritualist experts forgot to dematerialise; and how any writer could contrive to make so little out of so suggestive a subject is a curiosity. This is followed by three other sketches, one of which, "A Story of Seven Devils," depends for its humour upon wrapping up in negro jargon a piece of silly profanity.

Given free play with the unexplained supernatural, with an exceptionally eccentric Scotch family, and with the love of a high-spirited, strong-minded girl for a good natured but weak-kneed noodle of a hero, a practised novelist may be expected to evolve something especially readable. To some extent, Miss Sarah Tytler has done so in "French-Janet" (Smith, Elder and Co.), which will be much enjoyed by the novel-reader who appreciates a work above the average, and out of the common. Whether, however, the author has fulfilled the function of the true novelist, which, after all, is to portray human beings as they are, with here and there a pardonable exaggeration, is a matter for doubt. When a lady makes love to a young man on his sick bed, and, after taking care not to be at home when he calls to bid farewell, jumps on the steps of his carriage as he is leaving Paris, and so accidentally meets her death, it is certainly inconsiderate of her spirit to haunt, not only the young man in question, but a number of innocent persons in his home. The reader, in his turn, is haunted with the idea that the lady will turn up alive and well, sooner or later, and is sadly disappointed when the strong-minded young damsel above-mentioned, after attempting to lay the ghost by a midnight vigil, marries the poor-hearted hero, but, in order to maintain her household free from all but earthly troubles, is compelled to hang the portrait of her spiritual rival side by side with that of her husband. Miss Tytler's characters are skillfully drawn, there are some good society pictures of Monarchical France a century since, and, though her supernatural episodes are somewhat weakly conceived, "French Janet" is far from bad reading.

### THE AUSTRALIAN "SUNDOWNER"

HE was not a gentle-looking man. It was at Panfire Gully that we first beheld a typical example of the "Sundowner." It was a fully-developed specimen of the species. They do not arrive at full maturity until after a number of seasons spent more or less apart from the rest of the population, and then they ripen rapidly. Civilisation becomes too much for them, and they take to the road entirely. When once they emerge from the chrysalis state, there is no return. Their motto is that of the gallant Hampden—*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. The evolution of the "Sundowner" is a subject which might be taken up with advantage by ethnological societies. The "Sundowner" is one of the most interesting varieties of the genus tramp. They are not born "Sundowners," but the germs are doubtless present from the first. The latent nomadic tendency is gradually developed, and with it an unflinching tenacity of purposelessness which revolts at any continuous employment, and the subject then goes off on "the Wallaby track." Though tramping any number of miles a day, the delusion that they are successfully evading the primal curse, and neither toil nor spin, remains unshaken.

In Australia, the differentiating influences at work in the production of this distinct variety of nomad are peculiar. The squatters' stations are often far removed from any township, and sometimes very far apart, sometimes only moderately so. The term "Sundowner" owes its origin to the established customs of those shepherd-kings—the squatters—in dealing with them. It was found dangerous to ignore their existence, or human claim for relief as casuals nominally seeking work. Wool-sheds were found to sometimes take fire at critical times—quite accidentally, of course—after such high-handed methods of procedure, or miles of fencing were burnt, or other mysterious damage happened. It is so easy to throw away a lighted match, after re-luming a pipe, and parched herbage and sundried grass are ignited as readily as tinder. Therefore, in self-defence it grew to be an unwritten law that these nomads, if arriving too late in the day to be sped on their erratic way, should receive certain rations from the station-manager, and be housed in certain rude sheds set aside at every station for their occupancy. Thus they always time their arrival about sundown. They may have come some distance, or they may have lurked about quite near at hand the greater part of the day, but sundown is the orthodox time for presenting themselves, and they observe it.

Under the influence of the warmer climate of Australia, and many other changed conditions in active operation, the evolution of a new type of the genus tramp is very successfully accomplished, but you, nevertheless, cannot grow specimens all at once. They are like old, ivy-clad trees, or moss-covered village churches, which look as though they have been grown, rather than made. Garments belonging to different periods and styles, like architectural additions and restorations, require time to mellow down into that harmony and keeping which distinguishes the get-up of the most characteristic specimens of the "Sundowner" in full marching order, with swag, blanket, and tin "billy."

Australia is a country of magnificent distances, and it sometimes happens that the "Sundowner," in the pursuit of his profession, is compelled to take more exercise than is agreeable to him; and there are other disadvantages not fully appreciable to his biased understanding. But in the long summers, with their "furnaced noons and soft Australian nights," his star is in the ascendant. Then he appears to have reason on his side, and becomes almost enviable. He stands to us as the symbol of unalloyed liberty; lord of the illimitable highway. He is the Childe Harold of low life. Like his noble prototype, he, too, can say:—

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;  
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bow'd  
To its idolatry a patient knee—  
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles.

He may not be an interesting-looking man, nor his eyes have that fine roll which poets have, or his untaged boots be quite a pair. His clothes may not be after the latest mode, and he may, perhaps, be able to say to them as Nathaniel Hawthorne did to his dilapidated dressing-gown, "With such large rents, I ought to have plenty of money;" but then he, too, can muse on rock and crag, linger by stream and gully, and be as egotistic, if not as picturesque, as the noble Wanderer. What if his meditations are more often mundane speculations concerning the idiosyncrasies of the owner of the next station, and the measure of hospitality that will probably be extended to him, and the quality of the station tea and damper? Ambrosial food is very much a question of appetite. Byron held advanced opinions on the subject of diet, and exceedingly eccentric views in the matter of "drinks." Happy exponent of the *doce far niente*! We cannot all have the same intellectual and moral "fixtures." Men's minds differ as much as their faces differ, and we cannot cut them all to the same-pattern. When we try to do so, we violate that natural law of diversity which is the order of the

world. Only the "Sundowner," carries it too far! Moderation in all things is the golden rule—the *aurum mediocritatem*. Time's revenges come to the "Sundowner" as to all. What is the end of these strange nomads no one knows. As well ask what becomes of the swarms of summer-flies and shrill cicadas! The last sundown, perhaps, finds them in the lonely bush, and, unshriven, unannealed, Mother Earth takes them back again, like the fallen leaves, and covers them with hands unseen.

### SKETCHES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER IN EGYPT

THREE more of Lady Butler's scenes in Egypt accompany *The Graphic* this week. Shepherd's Hotel, seen in the distance of the first plate, is the chief English rendezvous in the Egyptian capital. On a wide terrace in front of it at this season may be seen ladies by dozens, and officers by scores wearing either the Ottoman fez or the British helmet. Past the terrace a fellaheen battalion is making its way perhaps to the railway-station, en route to service at Suakin; and an English detachment is marching in the other direction, it may be to proceed to Assiout or Wady Halfa. A motley throng of monks and Arabs, Indian servants and Greek priests, occupies the pavement, and the water-carrier makes puddles of mud in the vain attempt to keep down the dust. Good old Shepherd's! To most of us who have been in Egypt, what pleasant memories cluster about the name, though the place has known no Shepherd for years upon years. How pleasant it was of an evening to sit retired in the little shaded garden behind the hotel and listen to the plashing of the water in the fountain, and the merry notes of an aviary full of songsters; or to lounge on the broad terrace in front and watch the play of colour, or hearken to the varied cries in various languages in the street, where civilisation jostles barbarism under our noses. Here, as well as anywhere, may be often seen the common incident of the thoroughfares depicted below, where two Nubian syces, with bare legs and arms, and gold-embroidered jackets, run along before the carriage of some magnate, clearing the way as much by their shouts as by the use of their staves. The donkey-boy conveying a woman, who may be beautiful or ugly for all the yashmak allows us to see, keeps a wary eye upon the steeds, the like of which have often run down the like of him. A Highland private carries his bayonet and stands to attention, by way of salute to the official who is leaving the Palace, and a water-vendor pours out in a brazen cup, for a para, some of the "water, cold water," which he carries on his back, and vaunts as pure and, above all, cool.

Very different is the scene on the next page, where a deputy Mudir is passing the impressed fellaheen, who are forced into the army to go to the dreaded Soudan. The great man cares nothing for the cries of the victims and the protests and shrieks of their female relatives. Behind him is his Circassian or Armenian secretary, Young Egypt as a sort of aide-de-camp, and a couple of native scribes. At the table, on which is the Oriental brass inkpot and tube for holding pens, are sheikhs and head men of villages, one calmly sipping coffee out of a cup that fits into a sort of egg-cup, and another enjoying the everlasting cigarette. These care little for the home bereft of its breadwinner, as they are pretty sure not to be disturbed in their own family relations. Behind them one poor fellah is being forced to stand upright in order that his height may be properly taken, and another is being hustled round the table for the same purpose. The gaunt being on the ground has been thrown there against his will, to enable the Greek or French doctor to certify that he is fit to carry a rifle, while his father pours out fruitless entreaties that he may be spared his only son, and his mother is dragged away, uttering awful imprecations and yells of abuse, to join the throng of similar hapless women outside the brick and timber recruiting-shed. We have done a good deal for Egypt in these latter days, but we have not prevented, and, indeed, cannot prevent, the impressment of the fellaheen, who would rather starve at home than face the service up the Nile, from which so many of their relatives have never returned. Consequently, pity for the individual must yield to consideration for the country, which cannot do without armed men, and which could not get them from the ranks of the timid peasants of the Delta and the Nile banks, even if it could afford to pay for them thrice the market value of the labour.



MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—"Metzler's Red Album" of vocal and instrumental music has a very showy cover, and will prove a friendly rival to "The Cavendish Music Books" series, which is a very popular and well-established favourite. No. I. of "The Red Album" contains nine songs by popular composers, Nos. II. and III. each contain eight equally popular songs, No. IV. is devoted to six pieces for violin and piano, all more or less well-known and liked.—The contents of "Metzler and Co.'s Christmas Album of Dance Music" include "The Daphne Waltz," by May Ostlere; "Scotch Beauties Waltz" and "Gladys Schottische," by A. G. Crowe; all well-tried favourites. The popularity of "The Rose Queen Waltz" was well-established at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts last autumn, but it is certainly not up to the mark of its composer's (A. G. Crowe) former well-known vocal waltzes.—A very graceful frontispiece attracts attention to "Diana Waltz," by Mrs. Brunning Maddison; the music is simple and dance-inspiring.—The laughable frontispiece of frogs and mice dancing under a monster toadstool, whilst a frog sits on the top and plays the fiddle with evident gusto, will find favour for the somewhat commonplace "White Mouse" quadrilles, by Warwick Williams.—Under a modest exterior of blue and gold lettering "The Rocket Polka," by Espar Dumaine, will be pronounced by the young folks stirring and tuneful.

MESSRS. WILLCOCKS AND CO.—Appropriate for this season is "Miss Minnie Palmer's New Music Album," which contains the favourite songs of "My Brother's Sister," as sung by the popular actress; this edition is edited by Theo. Bonheur.—A cheery little love-song for the drawing-room is "My Sailor Love," written and composed by Thomas W. Charles.—"Waiting Patiently" is a very sentimental song, words by Frank Tauchnick, jun., and Christine Krause.—There is a well-written *ad libitum* accompaniment for the violin or flute.—"Three Hungarian Songs arranged for the Banjo," by Edmund Forman, are: "That Nice Old Maid," "How Paddy Stole the Rope," and "Full Inside;" all three are well calculated to raise a hearty laugh when well sung, and with spirit.—"Phyllis, a Sylvan Dance," for the pianoforte, by Thomas W. Charles, and "Beryl, an Idyl," for the pianoforte, by Alfred Oeischlegel, are useful drawing-room pieces.—Three very good specimens of dance music are: "Minnie Palmer Waltz," arranged by Theo. Bonheur; "Hans the Boatman Waltz," which introduces the favourite melodies, arranged by D'Auvergne Barnard; and "Fleur de Noblesse Waltz," by Georges Lamothe.

MESSRS. RICORDI.—"Eco di Napoli" is a very interesting collection of 100 "Celebri Canzoni Popolari Napolitane," edited by Vincenzo de Meglio. This is a very complete collection, and contains some charming little songs; it will prove a mine of musical-wealth

to singers who can sing the quaint *patois* or the translation into pure Italian—the former is preferable, as more characteristic.—"Ave Maria," from Verdi's opera, *Otello*, is one of the gems of this work. It is already an established favourite.—"Danse Fantastique" and "Pensée Fugitive," by Maude V. White, are two clever and refined pieces for the pianoforte.—"Umberto Valse" and "Margherita Gavotte," by Tito Mattei, are well suited for after-dinner performance.—"Gloire!" is a showy but danceable valse by Luigi Arditi.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—"I Drink to Love" is a fairly good ballad, written and composed by Joseph Forster and S. R. Philpot.—"Nydia Valse," by Waley B. Lake, and "Le Courage Valse," by Cecil Neilson, are tuneful and danceable.

### "THE REMINISCENCES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF CAPTAIN GRONOW" \*

THIS has long been known as one of the most delightful books of gossip of the century. From 1810 to 1860 it was Captain Gronow's good fortune to be thrown into contact with almost all the celebrated persons in London and Paris society. He had a kindly heart and a most tenacious memory. His fund of anecdotes has rarely if ever been rivalled, and while his book is extremely bright and amusing, it is never disfigured by uncharitableness or spite. The first series of the "Recollections" appeared in 1862, and met with such a flattering reception that the author was induced to publish further volumes, the fourth and concluding series appearing in 1866, the year after Captain Gronow's death in Paris. All four series of the "Recollections" have just been reissued in a two-volume edition of great sumptuousness and taste by Mr. John C. Nimmo. The text is that of the original editions; but the value and novelty of the new edition lies in its illustrations. The preparation of these has been entrusted to Mr. Joseph Grego, who, by his wide knowledge of the social life of the century, and his almost unique familiarity with the prints of the period, was indicated as the best possible authority for such a task. The four woodcuts of notabilities of Gronow's early career, which appeared in the first series of "Recollections" have been retained; but many other illustrations have been added from original and contemporary designs. These have all been newly etched by Mr. Grego, and they are presented in two states—on plate paper, proofs before letters, and also on Whatman paper, with titles and coloured by hand. Altogether Mr. Grego has supplied twenty additional plates, and to preserve the consistency of the work they are finished in aquatint, an art much in favour for book illustrations in Captain Gronow's time, but now almost obsolete. Mr. Grego, however, has been fortunate enough to find an artist who still practises this branch of art. The subjects of the plates have been chosen carefully to illustrate the text, and as specimens of Mr. Grego's work we reproduce four examples of the new illustrations; two from the first volume and two from the second. They are sufficiently described by the quotations under each. It will be noticed that the drawings verge upon, even if they are not actually, caricature; but this it is thought is in general accordance with the character of Gronow's work, much of which is devoted to chronicling the sayings and doings of eccentric characters of both sexes. Of other illustrations, among the most interesting are "Habitués of White's," "Pillars of the Opera," "Comrades in Arms," and "Well-Known Bond Street Loungers," in Vol. I.; and "A Ball at Almack's in 1815," "Play at Crockford's Club," "Premières Danseuses and Their Admirers," "A Ball at the Elysée," and "The Allied Sovereigns Attending a Review in Hyde Park, 1814," in Vol. II. The idea of enriching Gronow's bright and valuable pages with such a set of illustrations was happily conceived, and it has been admirably carried out. Only 870 copies of this edition have been printed, so that the book will before very long be rare enough to make it eagerly sought for. It is such a work as gives delight to very lover of good books.

### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

A VOLUME sure to be appreciated north of the Tweed is the one recently published by Messrs. Blackwood, and entitled "Scottish Song: its Wealth, Wisdom, and Significance," by Emeritus Professor John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh. Nearly everything notable in Scottish lyrics is here prefaced by the notes of the musical air and by exegetical observations of the enthusiastic and accomplished Professor. Professor Blackie is especially instructive and interesting on the Philosophy of Love. He describes it in many ways. "It is, in fact," he observes, "nothing less than what in the physical world we call attraction,—the power which gives electric affinities in the laboratory of the chemist and the monogynic and polyandric alliances of the vegetable inflorescence." Many of the songs are probably unfamiliar to the Southron, but he is cold indeed who is not moved by the glowing prose accompaniment of this anthology. It is not easy to make selection; but possibly the following four lines may be new to some:—

My mither's aye glowrin' o'er me,  
Though she did the same before me;  
I canna get leave to look at my love,  
Or else she'd be like to devour me!

We have from Messrs. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. "Lord Randolph," a Poem in Four Cantos, dedicated to the Member for South Paddington, though the hero of this versified narrative had his present name long before Lord Randolph Churchill honoured the author by accepting its dedication. There is a certain resemblance in point of literary finish between the politician and the fictitious Randolph. We may quote one stanza, of which it may be truly if tritely remarked *ex uno disce omnes*:—

So wild, so full of anguish was his tone,  
Randolph endeavoured now to soothe him down,  
"Methinks too sore your bosom feels remorse,"  
"If painful, why unearth the dreary curse."  
"Suffice, with me the past has long been laid."

There are two hundred and ninety odd pages of this kind of thing till we reach this appropriate termination:—

With this his arms he wide to her extends,  
She quick flies to them—and my story ends.

The little volume, "Poems of Wild Life," selected and edited by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts for the "Canterbury Series," published by Mr. Walter Scott, is somewhat disappointing. The author has made his choice among poets whose names are utterly strange to most English readers, though we are glad to find Joaquin Miller's "With Walker in Nicaragua" and "Kit Carson's Ride." It is impossible to believe that the editor need have confined himself, as far as the subject is concerned, within limits so narrow and to names so obscure.

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\* "The Reminiscences and Recollections of Captain Gronow." (London: J. C. Nimmo, 1889.)







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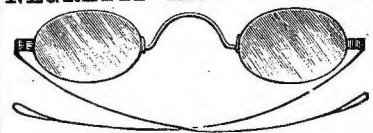
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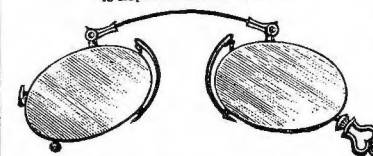
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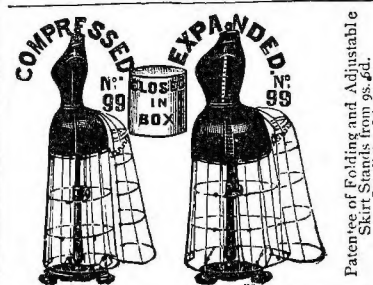
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